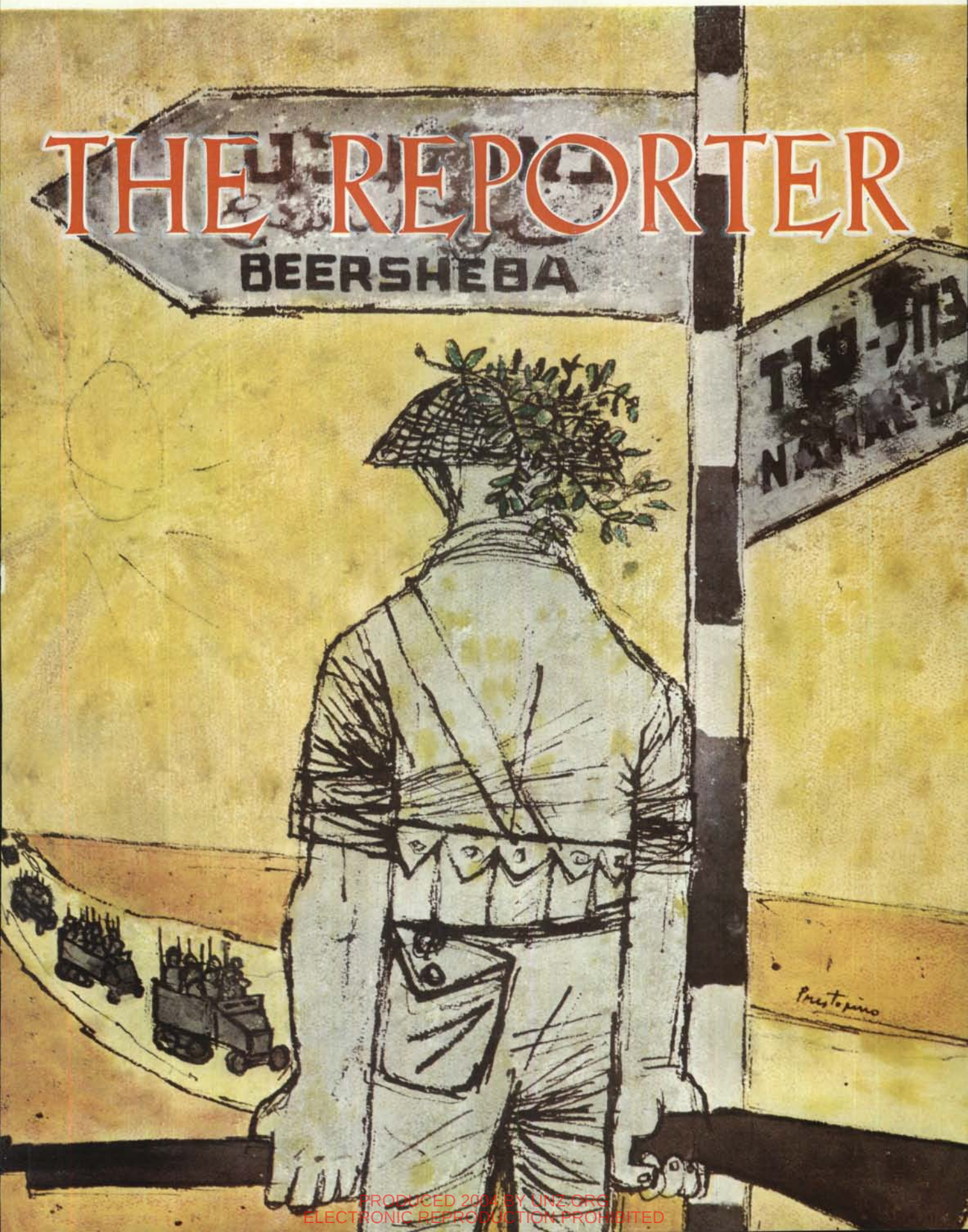
The Teamsters—'a Race Apart'

ANC February 7, 1957 25¢ Toward a Middle Eastern Peace (page 17)

THE REPORTER



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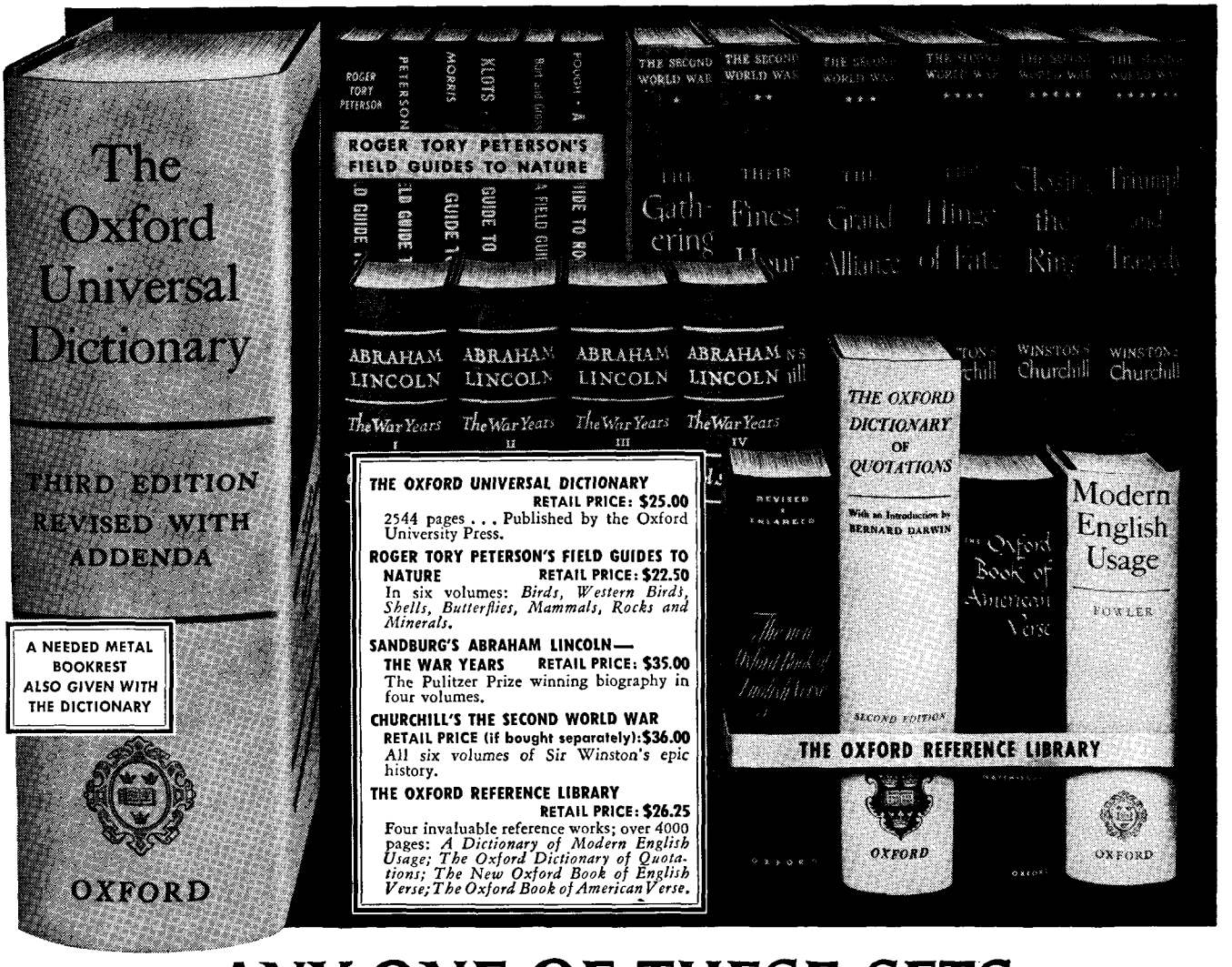
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Oil Gouge?

To listen to some of its spokesmen, the oil industry, from pump in the field to pump in the filling station, is an exquisitely balanced mechanism which the outsider needn't even try to understand, much less tamper with.

After the price of crude oil was hiked by twelve per cent, Robert L. Wood, president of the Independent Petroleum Association of America, held a press conference on January 24 to explain that "the facts" fully justified the increase. Not, to be sure, the fact that the Suez blockade has provided an opportunity for a little profiteering. Wood's pitch was that the independent oil producers are actually losing money on each barrel of oil they sell because it costs them more to explore and develop new oil than they can make from the oil pumped out of existing wells. Wood failed to make clear how it was that the oil producers are enjoying profits that hitherto, for all we know, haven't been negligible.

THE NEXT DAY, Albert L. Nickerson, president of Socony Mobil Oil Company, issued a statement telling how much his firm and the fourteen others engaged in international operations—now co-ordinated under the Middle East Emergency Committee—have done to meet western Europe's critical needs. That same day, the Interior Department published the latest weekly report on oil loadings bound for western Europe. These loadings, which had been averaging about 450,000 barrels a day during the months of November and December, fell during the week of January 10 through 16 to 72,000 barrels daily.

There could be temporary factors contributing to this breakdown in overseas oil shipments. Interior Department officials concede that the major reason is an acute shortage of oil in the ports of the Gulf of Mexico where the tankers load. The Texas Railroad Commission, which controls oil production in that major producing state, met recently and refused to allow even temporary requests for substantial increases in oil "allowables." There were reports of pressure from the independent producers not to permit an increase.

SO FAR, American production of oil has not been stepped up sufficiently even to replace the oil formerly imported into this country from the Middle East, not to mention meeting the new European demand. It looks as if some oilmen are deliberately trying to create a scarcity in order to force through further price gouges. They also want to unload on the Europeans their current oversupply of refined oil products, though that would mean an increased dollar burden on nations that have perfectly adequate refining facilities.

Government officials, while lamenting the situation, profess that they have no authority to interfere with affairs in the sovereign State of Texas. Meanwhile, the oil situation in Europe is growing steadily more critical. The hope in some government circles is that President Eisenhower will make a personal appeal to the Texas Railroad Commission. Perhaps he will refer to his inaugural address, in which he declared, "We recognize and accept our own deep involvement in the destiny of men everywhere."

Thank You, Mr. President

Representative Alvin O'Konski has threatened to set a precedent that might well stand American government on its head. If the President invites Comrade Tito to Washington, the Wisconsin Republican says he will resign his seat. Should the idea spread, this procedure would give us a curious reverse twist on the British system. Instead of the government's resigning on a Parliamentary vote of no confidence, the Congress of the United States would resign whenever the Executive did anything that displeased it.

Since Congressmen normally yield their seats no more readily than a leech abandons its source of nourishment, we have no fear that the O'Konski threat will start a trend, but the emotionalism behind it is perhaps worth noting. Not only the gentleman from Wisconsin but quite a few of his colleagues, not to mention a host of editorial writers, are exceedingly riled at the prospect of the Yugoslav dictator dining in the White House. Among the epithets tossed his way by Republican Representative Kenneth Keating of New York are "common criminal," "blackmailer," and "accomplice of the butchers of Budapest."

WHILE we personally feel no inclination to have a drink with Tito, or with Franco for that matter (he is supposed to be on the list of incoming statesmen), we regard this sort of thing as one of the unpleasant chores for which a President is paid. The more he sees of such worthies, however unattractive, the more he will know how to deal with them and the more they will know how we stand.

However, if we *are* to look upon such diplomatic contacts solely as a reward for good conduct, like an invitation to tea with the Dean, then what about the visit of King Saud? The New York *Times Magazine*, in a story about the persistence of human slavery, reports the following information: "Not so long ago, in Saudi Arabia, twelve kidnapped Baluchi slaves, three of whom were the personal property of King Saud, made

THE REPORTER, February 7, 1957, Volume 16, No. 3. Entered as second class matter at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Copyright 1957 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $9, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature and Public Affairs Information Service.*

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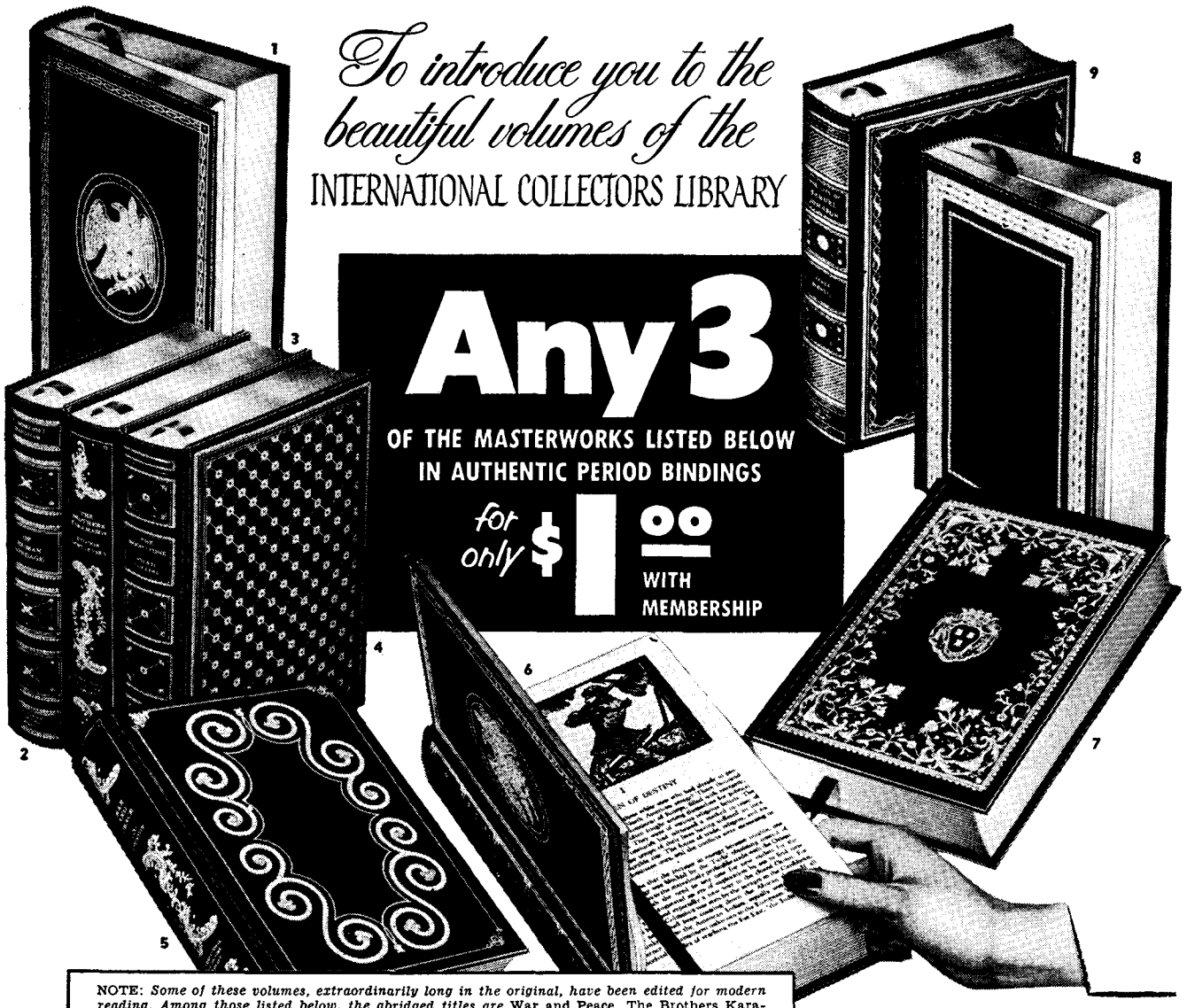

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THE TWO INAUGURALS

ERIC SEVAREID

Whatever the impact of the second inaugural address on the world, its impact on the American press was heavy. Headlines, editorials, and special columns heralded the speech as a declaration of new intent, a dramatic break with the isolationist economy wing of the President's party, a bold new acceptance by the United States of responsibility for the well-being of a vast portion of the human race, a call to sacrifice on the part of the American people—all as what the President termed "the price of peace."

By the day after its delivery, second thoughts were taking hold of some, who raised the question of how far the deed would follow the word, given the balance of forces within the Administration, given the skeptical state of mind within Congress. They pointed out that Members of Congress, including those in the President's own party, to say nothing of officials like Secretary Humphrey, are in an increasingly negative mood about even those foreign commitments we already have, with no enthusiasm whatever about taking on new ones.

They also pointed out that the President called for sacrifices at home in order that we may carry these immense responsibilities in the world abroad, but that Washington as a whole reveals a mood of impatience with what sacrifices we already are making; that there are few signs of concrete proposals for belt tightening ahead, or of much more than verbal pleadings with management and labor and consumers for restraint—pleadings of a kind that have never yet been effective brakes upon inflation.

In sum, the second thoughts of these observers reflected much doubt that the President would be able to match in deeds the vigor and scope of his words.

But the scrutiny should not end there. Even those concerned with matching the President's words with probable events in the future omitted one necessary step; they seemed not to have matched the words of four years ago with the events of what was *then* the future. They did not go back and study the first Eisenhower inaugural address. It is hard to believe that anyone who had could find anything dramatically new in the second one. "No people can live to itself alone," he said in the second. " . . . The economic need of all nations . . . makes isolation an impossibility." Four years ago he said, "No free people can for long cling to any privilege or enjoy any safety in economic solitude."

"Not even America's prosperity could long survive if other nations did not also prosper," he said in the second inaugural. "The impoverishment of any single people in the world means danger to the well-being of all other peoples," he said four years ago.

"This is no time of ease or rest," he said in the second. "We must be ready to dare all for our country," he said four years ago, willing to accept "whatever sacrifices may be required of us."

The President's total image of the world's peril and the American role has not changed at all: His pledge to the free world, his warning to America's enemies, his reminder of implicit sacrifice to the American people are precisely what they were four years ago.

It would seem, therefore, a proper task for those who must write the first draft of history—in the daily press—to look back over these four past years; to cast an accounting and consider whether this Administration blunted the peril in Korea, Southeast Asia, the Middle East; whether it gave new scope and drive to our foreign economic programs or diminished their scope and drive; whether it tightened the national belt in sacrifice or loosened it.

I should like briefly to salute the life of one who was a first draftsman of history, in the bravest, most brilliant sense. Herbert Elliston died early the morning of January 22. As editor, then in sickness contributing editor, he had made the editorial pages of the Washington *Post* a daily dose of courage for all those who believe cautious conformity in the American press a danger to this Republic, and we shall not easily find his like.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

a bid for freedom. They were followed across the desert and caught. Nine were beheaded on the spot and the other three in the square before the King's palace in Riyadh as an example to other would-be escapers."

So much for butchery—and when it comes to blackmail, we doubt that there is an Arab potentate going who can't teach Tito a great deal about the game.

Round and Round

Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois, whose name is being bruited about for the post of G.O.P. Senate leader when Knowland departs two years hence, has never failed to attract our interest. He has been, in turn, a rather devoted internationalist during the early postwar years when he was in the House of Representatives, then an archexponent of Fortress America as well as a friend of Senator McCarthy when the latter was going strong in Washington, and, more recently as the time drew near when he had to run again, a vociferous Eisenhower Republican of strict observance.

We had thought the political wheel had come full turn. But no. According to *Human Events*, which is usually well informed about the thinking of the extreme Right, "Colleagues say the Illinois Senator is 'himself again,' meaning the unreconstructed Western 'American Firster' of yore. It is said he regrets his compromises in favor of Ike's foreign aid policy during the election campaign; reportedly he now believes he did not need such a 'coattail' performance to win re-election. Unlike some G.O.P. colleagues, he has nothing important he wishes from the Executive; nor is he, like some, interested in a judgeship or an Executive appointment. The Illinoisan—such is the estimate—should prove a *courageous, highly principled* successor to Knowland" (italics ours).

We cannot vouch for *Human Events*, but if its information is accurate, our interest in the Illinois Senator will be more justified than ever. He certainly has exhibited plenty of courage in going from one high principle to another.

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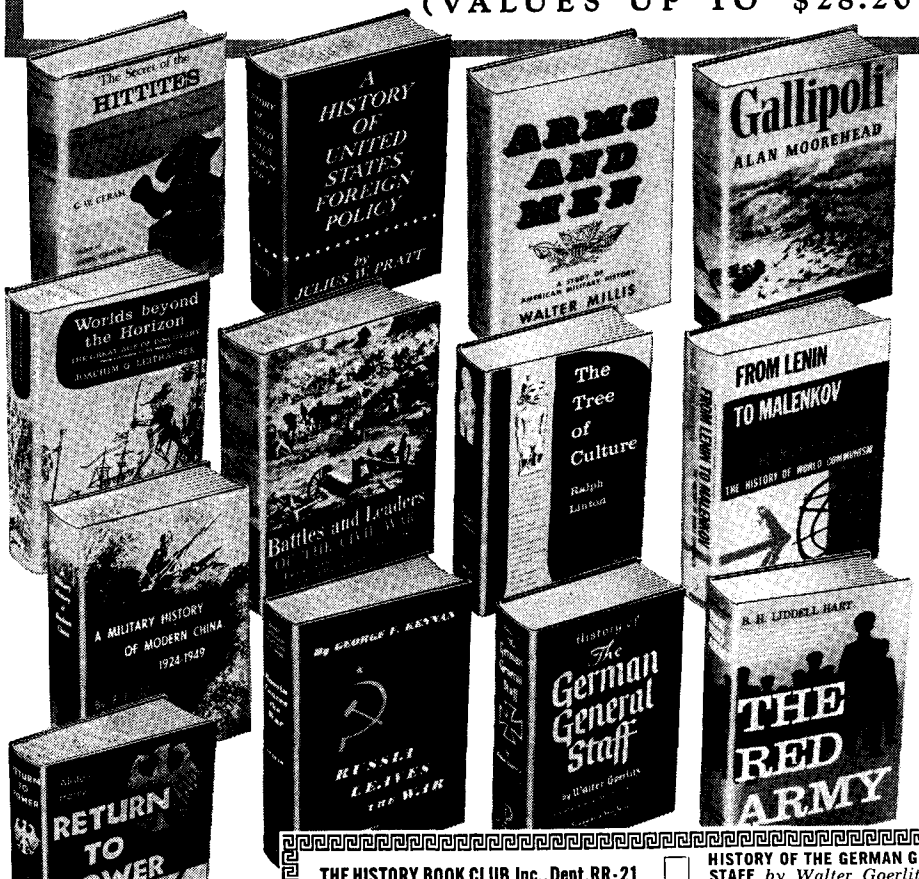

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CORRESPONDENCE

ASCAP AND BMI

To the Editor: May I congratulate *The Reporter* on the article by Marya Mannes about the ASCAP-BMI controversy ("Who Decides What Songs Are Hits?," issue of January 10). It tells all the facts and is fair to both sides.

OTTO A. HARBACH
Mamaroneck, N. Y.

To the Editor: I am afraid Miss Mannes's bias is showing. Otherwise I find it difficult to understand, for example, why the author quoted from Frank Sinatra's telegram to the Celler Committee and ignored the telegram Mitch Miller of Columbia Records sent in rebuttal. It seems to me that fair and accurate reporting would call for inclusion of both wires.

FRANK STANTON, President
Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.
New York

To the Editor: As President of the Songwriters' Protective Association, I want to thank you on behalf of the 2700 fellow members, who share my great enthusiasm for Marya Mannes's article. By informing the American public you struck a much needed blow for creative freedom.

ABEL BAER
Hollywood, California

To the Editor: I feel it important to reply to Miss Mannes from the viewpoint of a broadcaster—not a tycoon, not a network executive, but one of almost 3000 operators of local radio stations in the United States. As an independent broadcaster, I welcomed the ASCAP "strike." The power-hungry group, on which radio was so dependent, had reached a point in its demands that were beyond the capacity of broadcasters to accept. A competitive group was necessary not for the purpose of stifling ASCAP, but of making impossible, ever again, an era of "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair" simply because radio had no choice but to accede to unreasonable demands.

There is an assumption in Miss Mannes's article that the four radio networks can make one song a success and make another a failure. The fact of the matter is that networks today have virtually no influence over the music program content of their affiliated radio stations. In the case of this station, for example, an affiliate of CBS, the percentage of popular music programs fed to us is minute. It has been demonstrated that it is simply infeasible for a network to supply popular music to its stations when these stations can, to a large extent, program popular recorded music much more efficiently themselves. So even if vice-presidents of three networks are on the BMI board (among many other persons), that fact in itself would have little bearing on the conduct of independently owned radio stations and not much more on the program content of the networks themselves.

JEROME SILL, President
Station WFPG
Atlantic City

To the Editor: You have contributed a faithful and unbiased report on songdom. It is good to find that you recognize that with songs, as with all products of creative imagination, in some cases repetition makes reputation and in others reputation makes repetition. The highly mechanized media of communication make it difficult at times to separate the two.

IRVING CAESAR
New York

To the Editor: Miss Mannes's article is an extremely poor job of reporting and an even worse analysis of a situation that is of considerable importance and which is marked in shades of gray on both sides. Miss Mannes apparently had a strong anti-BMI preconception before she began the article, and did her research to fit her bias. This kind of sloppy journalism is a disappointment from *The Reporter*.

Nowhere, for example, does she indicate how much BMI has done to promote modern American classical music, and how little ASCAP cares about this aspect of music.

NAT HENTOFF
Associate Editor
Downbeat Magazine
New York

To the Editor: As President of ASCAP, I would like to point out that although the writers who have initiated the suit against BMI happen to be members of ASCAP, our Society itself is not involved in any such suit.

PAUL CUNNINGHAM
New York

To the Editor: It is regrettable that Miss Mannes wrote an article which attacks Broadcast Music, Inc. (BMI), without contacting anyone at BMI.

The tone of Miss Mannes's article must be due to her acceptance as facts of a number of demonstrably untrue statements. Among the most conspicuous of these are:

(1) Miss Mannes quotes as "probably the most damaging charge" against BMI, John Crosby's report of a telegram from Frank Sinatra saying that Mitch Miller of Columbia Records had presented so many inferior BMI songs that Mr. Sinatra's career went into a decline until he went to Capitol Records, "where he could pick his own songs." Mr. Miller's sworn answer to Mr. Sinatra pointed out that, during Mr. Miller's tenure at Columbia Records, Mr. Sinatra recorded 57 songs, of which 51 were ASCAP, 5 BMI, and one otherwise licensed. In four years at Capitol, "where he could pick his own songs," he recorded 39 songs licensed by ASCAP and 10 licensed by BMI.

(2) The ASCAP executive in charge of performance records has testified that 90% of the performances of copyrighted music on television and 85% on radio are of ASCAP music. Miss Mannes accounts for the dominance of ASCAP music by saying that all but 10 to 15 per cent of the ASCAP performances are made up of songs in the "classic and standard categories." A little later she says that there has been a mysterious decline in the use of ASCAP "standards" between 1948 and 1955. Both of these statements cannot be true. Actually, neither is. On ASCAP's figures, if only 15 per cent of 85 per cent of the performances were of new songs, then three out of every four songs heard on the air would be old ASCAP standards. This is not so. When performances of some old standards decline, it is due to the normal competition of newer music.

(3) Miss Mannes cites a comment ascribed to Richard Adler by Mr. Crosby to the effect that *Pajama Game* and *Damn Yankees* were discriminated against on the air, and she says "I Love Paris" was not played much on the air. Four compositions from *Pajama Game* and *Damn Yankees* were on "The Hit Parade" for weeks and these and other songs from these plays were consistently on the trade-paper lists of compositions most heard on the air. "I Love Paris" was also on "The Hit Parade." It was in the trade-paper listings of songs with the greatest radio and television audience for 47 consecutive weeks.

The space allotted to us does not afford opportunity for correcting Miss Mannes's other erroneous statements. To highlight two of them: (a) The networks have not bought up music publishers, and (b) the document BMI is charged with having issued in 1948, saying that the public would not miss what it did not hear, was actually issued in 1940 and related to an ASCAP controversy which existed long before BMI was formed.

Since Miss Mannes ends her article on a keynote of bigness, it should be pointed out that ASCAP is big business and BMI small business. Two separate Federal courts held ASCAP to be a monopoly in violation of the antitrust laws in 1948, eight years after BMI started. ASCAP's collections from broadcasters have grown from $5 million a year when BMI started to almost $20 million a year now. BMI not only has fewer performances and recordings than ASCAP, it collects much less money. BMI's 600 station stockholders (out of 4,000 stations on the air) do *not* play BMI music more than non-stockholders. Record companies connected with broadcasters do *not* record a higher percentage of BMI music than other record companies.

CARL HAVERLIN, President
Broadcast Music, Inc.

Miss Mannes replies:

I regret if some of the figures provided by sources I had no reason to doubt have been inaccurate. Even allowing error in the highly complex and often imprecise estimation of performance percentages, the major premises of my article remain unchanged: that evidence exists of questionable BMI promotion practices; that while I stressed ASCAP's superior size and wealth, the danger of bigness lies in the three-way power exerted by BMI, the networks, and the recording companies; and that the quality of the popular music heard has declined steadily in the past years.

Any situation that causes some of our foremost song writers to bring suit and Congress to investigate is worthy of public attention and question.

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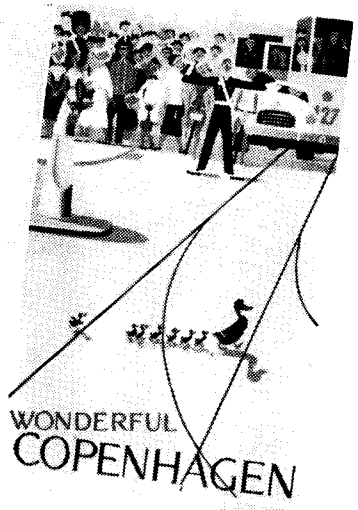

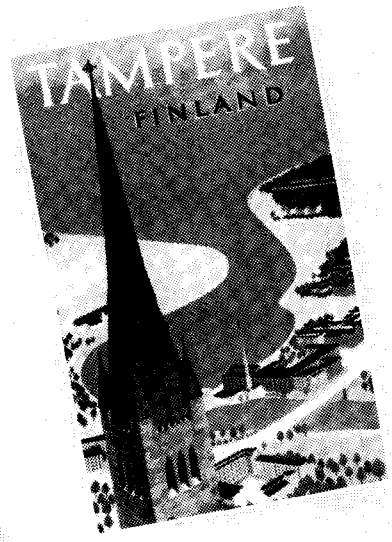

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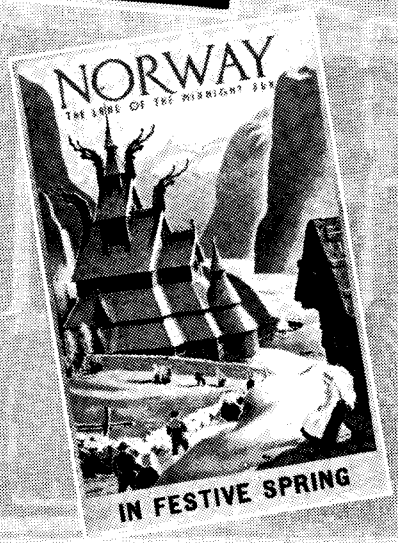

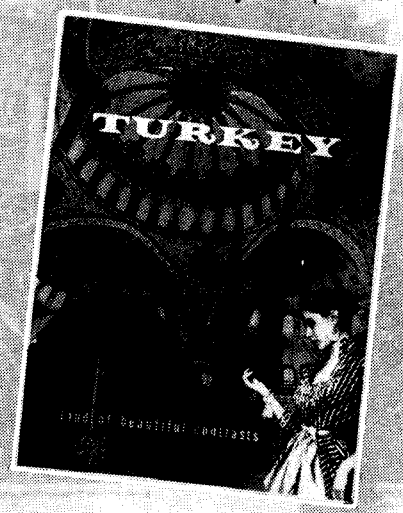

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN THIS issue the story on Jimmy Hoffa comes to a close. It took **Paul Jacobs** quite a long time to research, write, and check it—with the assistance, of course, of our staff. The Hoffa quotes come mostly from the long interviews he gave to Mr. Jacobs or from the public record. In his conversations with our writer, Mr. Hoffa proved to be extremely co-operative. Sure as we are that all our readers know Latin, nevertheless we offer an English translation of the final line: "How far can you go?"

A CLUSTER of articles on the Middle East which normally would have been the opening feature of this issue was shifted in order to give the Hoffa story its due place. **James P. Warburg,** whose opinions on foreign affairs frequently dissent from those of the Administration and are invariably formulated with vigor, suggests some steps to clear up the Middle Eastern mess. Some of Mr. Warburg's suggestions are a reformulation of plans put forward by two British publications, the *Economist* and the *Observer*, and in letters to the New York *Times* by Mr. Warburg himself. Most of the suggested steps should be made, according to Mr. Warburg, by the United Nations. On this point our Editor has to dissent from the inveterate dissenter. **Max Ascoli** challenges the notion that U.N. action can pave the way to an understanding with Soviet Russia. The other way round, he thinks, is the right approach. Incidentally, since his editorial "The Price of Peacemongering" appeared (November 29, 1956), Max Ascoli has been accused in some quarters of having turned against the U.N. He hopes that his "Footnote to Mr. Warburg" will put an end to such nonsense.

A great deal of talk and double talk is going on in Washington between Secretary Dulles and the Congressional leaders – gentlemen who frequently ask themselves what the Secretary of State really wants of them and sometimes wonder whether Mr. Dulles himself knows what he wants. This play and counterplay is described by our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater.** On many occasions, and in this issue too, we have stated that the economies of the Middle East can be reclaimed only if that region is dealt with as a whole. **George Barnes** gives a conclusive demonstration of this point on the basis of his long experience. He worked on the U.N. Conciliation Commission for Palestine in 1949, and later with Eric Johnston in the Middle East. Few men indeed know how troubled are the waters of the River Jordan.

Frank Gervasi, just back in Geneva from the Gaza Strip, tells us about a change of heart that is taking place in the government of Israel, a change that concerns not only the Gaza Strip but the Arab refugees who for too long have been huddled in it. What makes the Middle East problem so agonizing, as we all know, is the fact that there is so much oil there. An authority on oil, **John H. Lichtblau,** gives an account of how the oil difficulty could be cleared up in the interests of practically everybody concerned: oil companies, oil-producing states, and European consumers. Strangely enough, what would settle everything, at least from the technical viewpoint, is not so difficult or expensive—if only people had some sense.

Some sense seems to be coming into the politics of another oil-producing land, California. **Mary Ellen Leary,** associate editor of the San Francisco *News*, sums up recent developments in Californian politics.

Malcolm Cowley, critic and editor, is the author of *Exile's Return*. **Bernard Asbell,** who writes frequently on music, is also a teacher, folk singer, and guitarist. **Bruce Bliven, Jr.,** is the author of *Battle for Manhattan* (Holt) and *The Story of D-Day* (Random House). **James E. Baxter** is a New York physician with an interest in Byzantine history.

Our cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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The World Of Jimmy Hoffa—II

PAUL JACOBS

In the words of James R. Hoffa, ninth vice-president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, head of its Central Conference, and by general consent the Brotherhood's most dynamic figure, the Teamsters are "the most clannish labor union in the U.S. Either you're in or you're out." To quote a member of the union's public-relations staff, "The Teamsters are a race apart," and like any race apart, they are extremely suspicious of the outside world. "My friends in the labor business are mostly all Teamsters," says Hoffa. "The rest you gotta watch with both eyes."

It is out of this suspiciousness that the union has developed one of its most characteristic, if dubious, concepts—the rejection, so far as that is feasible, of any sort of restraint upon it by an outside force. Courts in particular are looked upon with a jaundiced eye. Congressional committees and investigations, too, are regarded as an interference with the rights of the leaders in the conduct of union affairs.

Hoffa merely voices an article of the Teamster faith when he says: "We got guys all over the country, and when there's a rumble some place we hear it right away. We don't 'holler cop,' we just get them in here and straighten it out." Thomas Flynn, chairman of the Teamsters' Eastern Conference and a friend of Hoffa's, once challenged the president of a Teamster local who had given evidence in a trial, "Since when does one Teamster go into court to testify against another?" For years it was a fairly open secret in the labor movement that a West Coast Teamster official had been accused of stealing thousands of dollars from a union political group that he headed but had gone untried in court because no one in the organization was willing to "holler cop."

Hoffa reflects this same attitude when he says, "If we have any trouble, we might bring the guy in here, especially if he's one of my own guys, and straighten it out here. We might have to send him away very unhappy, but we'd get it straightened out."

A Friendly Atmosphere

An atmosphere of close personal and business relationships between employers and Teamsters Union officials, both unrestrained by institutional controls and both sharing the same standards of business ethics, distinguishes the curious netherworld of industrial relations in which Hoffa has become a key figure.

In the Teamsters, more than in most unions, the business agent is the cement that holds the organization together. He negotiates contracts, almost invariably without representation from the employees themselves. He listens to the members' complaints and acts on their grievances. Like the officials of many similar unions, he is more vulnerable to corruption than the officials of large industrial unions, just as the workers he represents are more vulnerable.

It is easier for a loader in a brewery, in collusion with a driver, to throw a few extra cases of beer on a truck and then split the proceeds than it is for an assembly-line worker in an auto plant to walk out the gate with a new bumper for his car. In the same way it is likelier that a trucking-industry employer will offer a bribe to a Teamster business agent, with whom he deals alone, than that the president of an oil company will attempt to bribe a representative of the oil workers union, who does his negotiating flanked by a committee of refinery employees.

In the labor movement as a whole, opportunities for union officials to conduct business on the side are many and varied. For the most part, such opportunities are made available by employers in the hope of establishing good personal relations. There is the business agent who services fire extinguishers in plants with which he negotiates, and another who buys scrap metal at a low price from a company with which he has contractual relationships. The Admiral Radio Corporation recently paid $30,000 to the manager of the electrical workers local union with which it had a contract, just for the right to act as a sponsor for the girls' baseball teams of which he was an owner. Insurance companies have given kickbacks and hired "favored brokers" or union officials' relatives as agents.

This sort of activity, limited in the labor movement in general, is more widely prevalent in Teamster-employer relationships. Hoffa's telephone in Detroit rings constantly with requests for favors from "management consultants." He has been wooed by management attorneys who represent trucking companies; he is fawned upon and lavishly entertained by insurance-company representatives attracted by the money in the huge welfare and pension funds he controls, and he is an extremely important person to a group of people hanging by their fingernails to the fringes of the labor movement.

These are the new middlemen of industrial relations who, like magi-

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cians pulling different colored handkerchiefs from their sleeves, do a business of making tame and malleable unions available to companies seeking a "good deal." In this group also are business "operators" whose stock in trade is their personal relationship with union leaders. Then there are officials of the "available" unions and their lawyers, who sometimes represent both labor and management.

Among these men, who smoke enormous cigars, wear suede and calf shoes, expensive custom-made suits, silk shirts, and hand-painted ties, who carry fat rolls of bills in diamond money clips and drive always-new Cadillacs to expensive steak houses—among them Jimmy Hoffa moves alertly, restlessly, arrogantly, wearing a not very expensive suit ("Covers me up, doesn't it? I don't need to impress anybody"), an old tic, cheap shoes, and white socks. Hoffa knows most of the people of this world, their weaknesses and strengths.

These furtive emissaries often seek his favors. "We get all kinds of people in here," he says, "and you know who sends them in? The employers, that's who. Guys send us whiskey and flowers and candy. We give them to the girls and then we send them something back worth twice as much. That stops that."

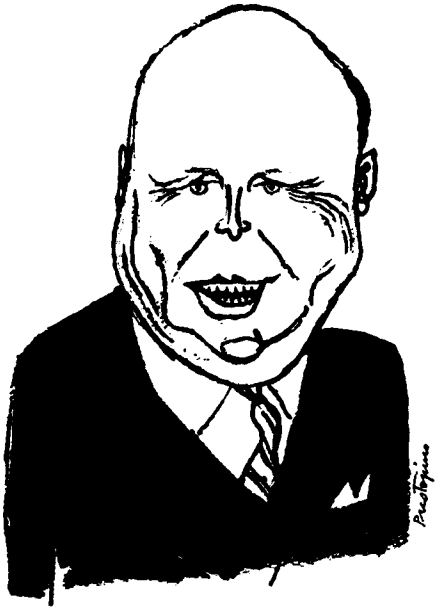
The Expanding Areas

It is not this traffic that keeps Hoffa on top, however. The economic foundations of his growing power are the area agreements he has negotiated, extending his control over an ever broader territory. A typical agreement covers all over-the-road drivers employed in "Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas and Louisville (Ky.), and operations into and out of all contiguous territory." The agreement was negotiated for fifteen employer groups representing about 260 freight companies. In effect its provisions apply to drivers employed by all carriers in the area. Two men on the employers' negotiating committee have long been involved in private business operations with Hoffa.

It is with such contracts that Hoffa maintains his basic hold over the membership rather than with the threat of potential violence or the use of the trusteeship device, whereby the president can appoint a trustee to take full charge of a local union that may be stepping out of line. Hoffa's real strength rests on the contracts he negotiates for his members. "We've got the best contracts in the country," he boasts. Whether or not this is accurate, they are certainly as good as those negotiated by any Teamster local in the United States.

Hoffa claims to be familiar with the details of almost every contract, and none of them is signed until he has decided that it meets the requirements set up by his research staff. He cares about his organization as if it were his own property and speaks of the union's staff as "*my* men" paid from "*my* payroll" to run "*my* business."

MAINTAINING this feudal relationship within his local, No. 299 of Detroit, Hoffa prides himself on being available to the membership at any time. His office in the Teamsters Building opens directly into the corridor, and when he is in town the hallways are usually crowded with men "waiting to see Jimmy."



Dave Beck

The members look upon him as their mediator with the outside world, the intercessor to whom they can come with their complaints and requests. He serves the same function for his membership that the political boss once served for immigrant groups and the poor people of his district. A member seeks his help in getting adequate medical care for his cancer-stricken wife; Hoffa calls up the City of Hope, a free hospital near Los Angeles supported by the Teamsters and other unions. The son of another member is in difficulty with the police; Hoffa uses his influence with city officials to help the boy.

In return the members are content to leave the running of the union in Hoffa's hands. He has been authorized in the past to spend whatever amount of the $1.5 million in the Local 299 treasury "he thinks necessary" in elections or other situations requiring the expenditure of funds.

Occasionally a member will come to Hoffa to complain about a business agent's activities or lack of them. Hoffa appears to be rather strict about his business agents' carrying out their work and claims to be absolutely opposed to any of his staff taking "tips" in exchange for contract concessions. "If one of my men doesn't service the members, he'd get fired. That's because he's letting a member down and myself also. There's no reason for any one of my men to have to accept gratuities from anyone. The same goes for any business agent who would make any agreement to violate the contract for any reason whatsoever." In fact, however, he has been known to allow men convicted of extortion to return to the payroll.

Fringe Benefits

One reason Hoffa feels there is no reason for any of his men to accept gratuities is that he believes in giving them a good salary, a generous expense account, and a good automobile. A "business agent's no different from an executive." On the other hand, he doesn't see "anything wrong" with somebody giving a Teamster agent "some token of appreciation like a watch, a ring, a brooch," which he says is a standard practice among businessmen. Each of Hoffa's agents costs the local union about $300 a week—$200 in salary, plus expenses and the car, which is owned by the local.

Besides the usual pension and wel-

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fare benefits, the agents enjoy certain perquisites. They have the use of a private steam bath, a massage room with diathermy equipment, and the services of a barber and skilled masseur, all maintained for their use (and Hoffa's) in the building occupied by the Michigan Conference of Teamsters, just across the street from his local union headquarters. The Seattle Teamster headquarters, under President Dave Beck, has similar facilities.

This air of lavishness, pervading the entire union's officialdom, is especially marked at the top. Beck's home was purchased out of union funds. What is more, the constitution provides that "The General President, for the purpose of promoting the interests and welfare of the International and the making of diplomatic contacts with other organizations and institutions, and for the purpose of conserving his health, may in his discretion travel in this country or abroad and may take periodic rests," all on union funds and with full travel expenses for his wife and secretarial help thrown in.

PERSONAL LOYALTY is rewarded and seniority observed by Hoffa in dealing with his staff. "There isn't a man on my payroll who didn't come up from the ranks," he says. (One who didn't, it turns out, is William Bufalino, president of a juke-box and vending-machine local in Detroit, who joined the labor movement after being an employer in the juke-box business.) "You can't buy loyalty," Hoffa says, "but also you can't keep loyalty if you don't give the wherewithal to maintain loyalty and respect. . . . I'm not worried about my men. They're my men. I pay good wages, have good working conditions, and I've never lost a man. If a promotion comes along, I give it to the man most entitled to it. He may not be the smartest guy, but if he knows the business and has been loyal, he gets promoted up."

Knowing "the business" is an extremely important requirement for remaining on Hoffa's staff. He keeps a running profit-and-loss account on both the business agents and the locals. If a local shows a continuing loss, as between costs of operation and income, some adjustment takes place in personnel or in policy.

Almost every office in the building, which is occupied by a great number of locals, has a sketch or a photo of Hoffa on the wall. He is obviously The Boss, and when he snaps a request, it is taken as a command to be instantly obeyed.

The Business of Labor

Hoffa encourages his staff to become businessmen. "I don't object to my men having businesses outside of the union as long as it doesn't interfere with the union activities. That way they get to understand the employer's problem as well as the employee's problem."

Hoffa's own business enterprises have provided him with ample opportunity to "understand the employer's problem." He has reduced his operations considerably of late, but even with this reduction, he says, "I'm doing all right." His salary from the Teamsters Union is $21,000 a year; $15,000 from the local and $6,000 as a vice-president of the International. But, he says, "If I didn't have outside investments, I'd need more money."

His present business interests, he says, are restricted to a girls' camp, which he owns in partnership with, among others, Allen Dorfman (the son of Paul Dorfman, onetime head of a Chicago waste handlers' union who was recently suspended from the AFL-CIO for unethical conduct); a concern that leases trucks to freight companies; and an oil-lease corporation, now being liquidated. In the past, however, his enterprises were more diversified.

One of his early business ventures was a truck-leasing company set up for Hoffa and his partner and union lieutenant, Bert Brennan, by Albert and Carney Matheson, two Detroit attorneys who represented a large number of trucking companies and employer associations. All the company's stock was transferred to Mrs. Hoffa and Mrs. Brennan, under their maiden names. It then leased trucks to freight carriers in which the Matheson brothers owned substantial interests. Over a period of years, the brothers, as employer representatives, negotiated contracts with Hoffa, the union representative, in what appeared to be an extremely cozy arrangement.

The Mathesons were also direct business associates of Hoffa in at least three other enterprises: a brewery in which George Fitzgerald, Hoffa's attorney, was a stockholder; a corporation that owned a freight terminal; and a loan-and-investment company. Albert Matheson, while a lawyer for employers, was also secretary of the corporation that published the Michigan Teamster newspaper.

LIKE the Mathesons, Commercial Carriers, Inc., a Michigan trucking company, also set up a truck-leasing concern, again for the benefit of Hoffa's and Brennan's wives, and again under their maiden names. Neither of the ladies performed any functions for the companies they ostensibly owned, although they did request and receive generous dividends. In one case, a $4,000 investment yielded them more than $60,000 in dividends within four years.

Mrs. Hoffa and Mrs. Brennan were also carried at one time on the payroll of a juke-box servicemen's local. According to Eugene ("Jimmy") James, the official who ran the local, he had borrowed $2,000 from Hoffa and Brennan to start the local and then paid the two ladies approximately $6,000 from the union payroll to return the loan. The extra $4,000 was disbursed by James from the union treasury "out of the goodness of my heart" and because Hoffa and Brennan were "big men, they could help me a lot." Perhaps James felt he needed help since his local was being accused of having been set up in collusion with a juke-box operators' association in order to control all juke-box operations in Detroit. James was recently "suspended indefinitely" from the international leadership of the Laundry Workers International Union for complicity in a $900,000 embezzlement of welfare funds.

Under their own names, Hoffa and Brennan were once in the Columbus Trotting Association, a harness-racing track. Hoffa has also been associated in a lake-property development with Oren DeMaas, once chief administrator of the Michigan Liquor Commission, who also put up the money for Hoffa's and Brennan's shares in the terminal property.

The girls' camp of which Hoffa is a part owner has been the sub-

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ject of some discussion. It has occasionally served as the site for meetings of the trustees of the Teamster Central States Welfare Fund. In Drew Pearson's column of September 3, 1956, it was charged that the camp was used as "a blind for labor officials and gangland characters to meet," a charge vigorously denied by Hoffa. Interestingly, the part of the column that dealt with Hoffa was expunged in the Detroit *Free Press*.

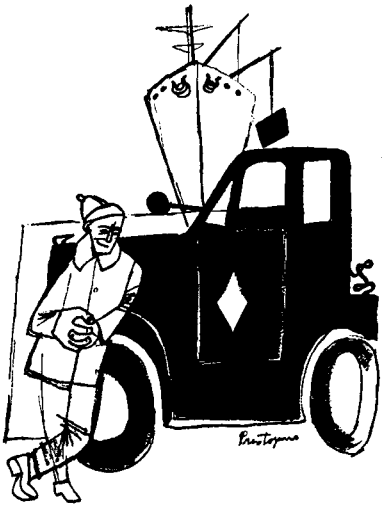
HOFFA'S business and personal relationships with the Dorfmans, father and son, and Dr. Leo Perlman, head of the insurance company that handles the Central Conference account, have come under severe Congressional and press scrutiny. Hoffa and Perlman were partners in the oil-lease company, and Allen Dorfman became the Chicago agent for Perlman's insurance company. Thanks largely to the Teamster account, the company grew into a multimillion-dollar operation.

The public attention currently being directed toward Hoffa is probably a good reason for the reduction of his business activities. He is certainly alert to the fact that his operations are being watched constantly. His only new business enterprise appears to be Sun Valley, Inc., a real-estate promotion in Florida fifty miles south of Daytona Beach. At present 2,800 acres are under development, with an option on three thousand more. Financing for the project, which has been subdivided into twelve thousand lots, is being handled by the Bank of the Commonwealth in Detroit, and most of the lots are being purchased by business agents of the Teamsters or other unions. Salesmen for the operation work out of Hoffa's office. Hoffa claims that neither the Teamsters nor he personally will profit from this future retirement paradise, where business agents will be able to reminisce about the hard old days in the labor movement.

The New Look

Partly accountable for the curtailment of Hoffa's outside activities, it is believed, and for other changes in the pattern of his administration, is Harold Gibbons. Formerly a director of the CIO United Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Employees Union, Gibbons headed a four-thousand-member local that had disaffiliated from the CIO in 1948, and a year later brought them into the Teamsters. Now secretary-treasurer of the Central Conference, president of the St. Louis Joint Council No. 13, and secretary-treasurer of St. Louis Local 688, Gibbons is one of Hoffa's closest associates and one whose talents run to brains rather than muscle.

For many years, Gibbons's local was considered to be a model trade union. Its eight-man education committee, its stress on stewards' participation in a wide range of union affairs, its health center covering more



than fifteen thousand members and their dependents, its participation in community and civic life, its political-action program, and its uncompromising position on civil rights—all these have been the subject of much publicity and discussion. A book was written about the local, and when European trade-unionists came to the United States, Local 688 was always on their itinerary as an example of the finest type of union to be found in the country.

Today Gibbons, who entered the labor movement as a Socialist, is committed to Hoffa and admires him greatly. In turn, Hoffa respects his lieutenant's capacities and assigns to him many extremely important functions. "Gibbons doesn't practice being a longhair," he says. "He's a practical Teamster."

Being a practical Teamster has made some great changes in Gibbons according to some of his old friends and co-workers. They feel that he, too, has a power drive that may yet take him a long way from the ideals he once held for the labor movement. One role Gibbons plays vis-à-vis Hoffa is to improve the ninth vice-president's public and community relations. It was he, for example, who arranged the dinner honoring Hoffa at which $280,000 was raised for a children's home in Israel.

Privately, Gibbons says that he thinks Hoffa is one of the most competent trade-unionists in the country, that he believes Hoffa will be the next Teamster president, and that it *is* possible to broaden his perspective of the world. Most observers would certainly not question the first two opinions, whatever doubts they may have about the third.

'We Spend Lots of Dough'

In the struggle between trucking and the railroads, fought out in Congressional committees and on the floors of state legislatures, the union has automatically identified its welfare with that of the truckers. When Jimmy Hoffa says, "In politics all we want to do is elect people who won't hurt us or the people in the industries with whom we do business," he is voicing the viewpoint of the entire union. The trucking industry needs all the political help it can get. For years the railroads have been its active enemy, fighting it wherever possible.

Truckers feel that their taxes are high. In one state, California, it is estimated that a single transport truck pays as much in taxes as eighty automobiles. Even though trucks comprise only 13.4 per cent of all the motor vehicles in California, the carriers complain that they pay almost thirty per cent of the highway-user taxes plus additional city taxes.

Unlike the railroads, the trucking industry is too young to have sunk deep roots into national community life. No well-known individuals are accepted as spokesmen for the industry. Not even the American Trucking Associations, Inc., claims to represent all the thousands of operators. And the public-relations problem of the A.T.A. is further complicated by the resentment of many American motorists toward the monsters of the highway.

Politically, Hoffa is a powerful ally of the truckers. "I don't want to

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change the world," he says, but he is very much concerned with changing that portion of it directly affecting what he conceives to be his interests. Hoffa's main political focus, as is generally true of the Teamsters Union, is on the local, municipal, county, and state levels. He is more interested in judges than in the President, more concerned with highway and traffic commissioners than with Cabinet members.

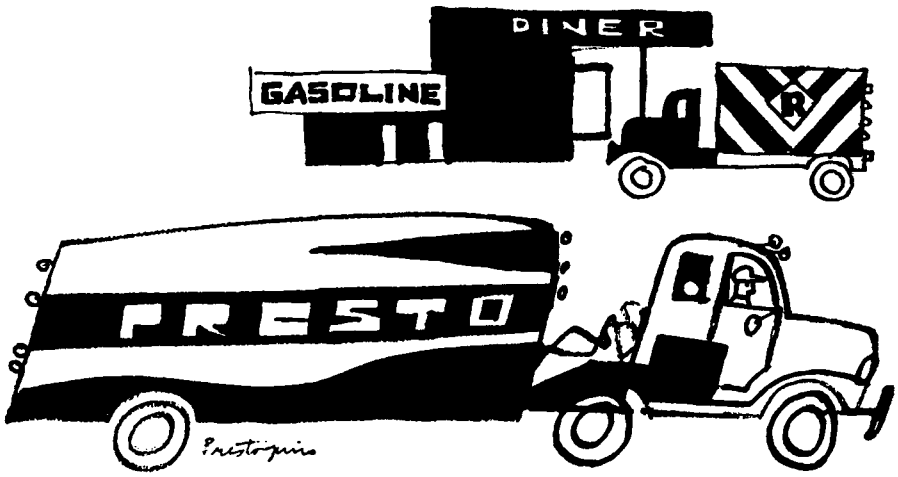
The salient feature of his political activity is the expenditure of money —in large sums. "There are two ways to play politics," he once said. "You either make speeches or else you spend dough. We spend lots of dough. We got connections in the right places. We expect to keep them."

HOFFA'S "connections" were the basis of a charge that the Republicans had called off a Congressional investigation of him in 1953 in exchange for his promised support of Senator Homer Ferguson. Drew Pearson's column carried a story that Hoffa and Postmaster General Summerfield had made a deal on these terms. Hoffa did support the Michigan Republican, even though he was running against Pat McNamara, a former AFL official, endorsed by almost the entire AFL and CIO with the exception of the Teamsters.

To this day, Hoffa denies the story, saying, "No meeting was ever held with Summerfield on that Ferguson business. There's absolutely no truth in the Pearson story. I supported Ferguson from the time he started out as an assistant District Attorney. I always supported Ferguson in the past."

Party labels mean very little to Hoffa or to most Teamsters. He says that he supports "some Republicans because they've done as good a job as the Democrats did. The Democrats passed the Hobbs Act and the Republicans passed the Taft-Hartley Act and they haven't shown any signs of changing it." Similarly, out on the West Coast, the Teamsters supported Goodwin Knight when he ran for governor on the Republican ticket in 1954, partly because of Knight's commitment that he would veto any right-to-work bill that came out of the legislature.

In the State of Washington, on the other hand, the Teamsters supported Senator Warren Magnuson for re-election. A Democrat, Magnuson is Chairman of the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, a position that enables him to give much help to the trucking industry. Reciprocally, Magnuson appeared for William Langley, the Teamsters' choice for District Attorney of Multnomah County, Oregon, which includes Portland. Langley is now under a grand-jury indictment on charges of malfeasance in office and conspiring with Teamster figures to permit gambling.



Pin Balls and Garbage

Because of their marginal role in society, certain businesses have come to be almost completely dependent on the Teamsters for political assistance and for help in discouraging competition. These are the pinball-machine and juke-box industries and concerns that collect garbage and waste, over whose employees the Teamsters have been exercising jurisdiction. These businesses operate under even fewer restraints than other industries involving the Teamsters, and their billion-dollar grosses make them extremely attractive to underworld elements.

When Jimmy Hoffa pleaded *nolo contendere* to a charge that he had "knowingly . . . engaged in a combination and conspiracy unreasonably to prevent" competing firms from selling wastepaper for shipment out of Detroit, he did not deny following a practice common to the Teamsters. The plea, he said, "is nothing against a man. Even General Motors has pleaded *nolo*."

In Portland, Oregon, a U.S. court held in 1955 that an association of coin-machine operators and owners had illegally joined with the Teamsters Union, in restraint of trade, to prevent a tavern owner from purchasing a shuffleboard machine for his bar from outside the Portland area. It was also in Portland that the employer members of a coin-machine operators' association themselves joined the Teamsters Union in order to have political allies in the fight they were waging to legalize the pinball devices.

In Westchester County, New York, and in Los Angeles, Teamster officials have been involved in the garbage- and waste-carting business. Two Teamster officials are under indictment now in Los Angeles for perjury in denying collusion with employers to establish a monopoly, and in Westchester an internal fight within the Teamsters over which company should have the most business finally erupted in the murder, as yet unsolved, of one of the officials involved.

The juke-box business is one of the ways that Hoffa's name has been linked by persistent rumor to the underworld. If he has any direct financial tie-in with that world, he has thus far succeeded in keeping it very well hidden. No such specific charge has ever been substantiated against him in spite of all the investigations.

NEVERTHELESS he maintains relations with the underworld, if for no ofter reason than loyalty to his friends. He wears this kind of allegiance like an ensign. In his

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mind "friendship" obviously excuses a great deal. "You're no good if your word is no good or if your friendship is lukewarm. I have very few new friends. I have the same friends today that I had when I started organizing, and I have been fortunate in being able to make some additional friends as I go along."

When Hoffa started organizing, he soon found himself involved with shady figures. Some were employers. "I'd be a fake if I didn't associate with the people I do business with," he says. "I won't be that kind of a guy." Others were in "goon squads," hired by employers. And some were union "muscle men." All this occurred during Hoffa's basic training period—the time when his trade-union beliefs were being established.

One of his friends is a man named Sam Feldman, who recently began "organizing" restaurant workers in Philadelphia. Feldman, who believes that a man "learns to respect people" who "break his neck for him," served three years in jail for safecracking, followed by an additional four months for parole violation on a narcotics charge. Persons unknown attempted to murder him in 1934 but he escaped with a slight thigh wound. Asked why he had interceded with the Hotel & Restaurant & Bartenders International Union to get a charter for Feldman and his group, Hoffa explained, "Feldman is my friend." He added, by way of justification, "I believe the issuance of the charters is proper because independent unions can make a lot of trouble, especially with Teamsters unions, who become involved whenever there are picket lines."

Mr. Dio Achieves Status

Hoffa's friendship with Johnny Dio, now awaiting trial in the Victor Riesel acid-blinding case, has also been the subject of public attention. Hoffa met Dio when the latter was a representative of the United Automobile Workers-AFL (not to be confused with Reuther's UAW-CIO). Today the union is called the Allied Industrial Workers and was one of those investigated by the AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee. It faces the prospect of possible suspension from the AFL-CIO.

Dio, hired as an organizer for a UAW-AFL local of taxi drivers in New York, was no stranger to the labor movement. He and his uncle, James Plumeri, also known as Jimmy Doyle, had both gone to jail for extortion in the garment trade. He is said to have been at one time a strong-arm man for the International Ladies Garment Workers Union; he subsequently became an employer in the dress business.

There is no certain explanation why Dio wanted to become an official of the UAW-AFL. His own operations brought him a sizable income, but he told a number of people that his interest in the "labor business" was a desire to achieve the respectability that went with the title of a union representative. Whatever his motives, Dio was soon active in the UAW-AFL along with a number of other leaders with police records, including several officials of Teamster locals.

Hoffa's connection with this dubious group emerged when a number of the unions with which Dio was connected decided to switch over to the Teamsters. Mostly these are of the "paper" variety, and Hoffa's interest, allegedly, was to use them to extend his control into the New York Teamster Joint Council No. 16, and eventually to the entire eastern seaboard.

While there is no doubt that the "paper" locals were established by Hoffa, he naturally has another explanation. "Prior to the merger" of the AFL and CIO, he says, "I tried to switch as many locals as possible into the Teamsters. That's how come we had those locals chartered in New York. . . . Johnny Dio had nothing to do with the local unions agreeing to come into the Teamsters Union."

Nevertheless, at least seven officers of the newly chartered locals are also officials of the unions Dio was connected with and are on their payrolls. (Some of these officers were among those who refused to testify or pleaded the Fifth Amendment before the McClellan subcommittee currently investigating labor racketeering.) Their appearance at the New York Teamster Joint Council in quest of admission to that body was the signal for a labyrinthian battle between Martin Lacey, the Council president, and John O'Rourke, who sought to replace him with the help of the new locals—and of Jimmy Hoffa. O'Rourke won. Hoffa will now be a key figure in the New York Teamsters. He also exerts great influence in the International Longshoremen's Association, which he supported after it had been expelled by the AFL.

Mutual-Assistance Pacts

Because the Teamsters are frequently a decisive element in strikes called by other unions, Hoffa has been able to build up a network of informal relations with many labor groups. If the Teamsters refuse to cross its picket line, a union like the Hotel and Restaurant workers, for example, is in a strong bargaining position. When Hoffa asks a charter for his friend Feldman in Philadelphia, the Hotel and Restaurant Union are accordingly disinclined to antagonize him by refusing it. Other unions, like the Laundry Workers, are almost completely dependent upon the Teamsters for their existence.

It is almost impossible for any union to maintain a prolonged state of warfare with the Teamsters and not have its own resources depleted. As a result most labor organizations have attempted to work out a *modus vivendi* with them—some way of preserving their own jurisdiction while avoiding the kind of war with the "Teamos" that the machinists union once waged for two years over jurisdiction of the Boeing Airplane Company in Seattle, only to sign a mutual-assistance pact in the end. A similar pact has been signed with the butchers' and bakers' unions, extending still further the hegemony of Hoffa and his Teamsters.

In his relationships with the rest of the labor movement, Hoffa says he has "no set standards of judgment." He claims: "I judge 'em on the basis of the guy and the proposition. Sometimes two guys will come in here with the same proposition and I'll do it for one and not for the other." But in a sense he does have standards. He judges the merits of unions, for example, almost totally on the basis of their contracts. If a union has achieved good wages and conditions, and the industry is completely organized, Hoffa thinks it a good union, no matter what

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relationships exist between the leaders and the members or between the leaders and society as a whole.

That Testimonial Dinner

Those close to Hoffa report a discernible shift in his attitude toward the community at large. Where once he would ask, "Who gives a damn what the public thinks?," he is now the subject of a glossy biography, defending him and glorifying his role in American life. Prepared by a member of Harold Gibbons's staff, the pamphlet was distributed by the thousands throughout the country, and was first displayed at a banquet held for the remarkable dual purpose of honoring Hoffa and raising funds for a children's home in Israel.

That affair was remarkable for the light it threw on Hoffa's growing prestige and on his influence in diverse circles of society. The Most Reverend Bernard J. Sheil, Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, delivered the invocation, and Rabbi Aaron Decter of Temple B'Nai Aaron, Philadelphia, gave the benediction. The speakers were Dave Beck and Walter Mullady, past president of the American Trucking Association. Master of ceremonies was Nathan Feinsinger, professor of law at the University of Wisconsin and former chairman of the National Wage Stabilization Board.

From the realms of industry and labor, 2,800 people, including a fair proportion of top brass, paid $100 a plate to attend. The guest list included such diverse people as Samuel Feldman, the Philadelphia advocate of promoting respect by breaking necks; Roy Fruehauf, of the Fruehauf Trailer Company; and Louis ("Babe") Triscaro, a noted Detroit hoodlum. A. J. Hayes, president of the International Association of Machinists, was a sponsor, though probably not in his role as chairman of the AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee. Another of the 164 sponsors was Joseph O'Neill, president of the distillery workers union, one of the group that was under investigation by Hayes's committee.

Tables were purchased by companies like Ford, General Motors, the Bank of Commonwealth, Montgomery Ward, and Sears, Roebuck; by dozens of truck carriers; and by a great many unions, including the UAW-CIO. Some were genuine admirers of Hoffa. Some no doubt attended or were sponsors because of the object for which the funds were being raised. But many, it may be assumed, were there because they were either already dependent on Jimmy Hoffa or mindful of his future power.

Professionals All

Hoffa's status today and the promise of greater power to come are part of the changing pattern of labor-management relations. Today, the existence of organized labor as a permanent fact of our business life has gained general acceptance on the part both of government and of the major employers. Conflicts are of short duration and center on negotiable issues—issues of wages and working conditions, of dollars and cents to be paid to the workers while they hold jobs and when old age or accidents beyond their control prevent them from holding jobs. Labor has been successful in achieving its economic goals without inflicting any serious damage on the business community. The business community, with rare exceptions, has accepted the idea that unions not only are here to stay but have become a useful segment of the business system.

The more it considers itself as a business, whose prosperity depends on the success of business, the more labor is inclined to follow—sometimes with a vengeance—the practices of the business community. The chief incentive of many unions is to grow larger, faster, and more powerful—the same incentive, in short, as that of their business and industrial counterparts. In an economy characterized by bigger and bigger corporations, labor, to maintain its advantages and gain new ones, seeks to match corporate size. The relationship becomes that of two giants vying for economic power or collaborating in its joint exercise.

The resulting harmony has its risks. Unions, like all other organizations, tend to grow bureaucratic and rigid as they achieve stability. The trend toward long-term contracts tends further to reduce the area of disagreement between employers and union leaders to mere differences of interpretation. As a result, the labor leader today is likely to view his business counterpart as a fellow professional in the highly specialized field of industrial relations. Like diplomats, they both often find it necessary to arrive at a joint solution to a problem and then convince their respective constituencies of its correctness. The broader constituency—the nation's economy—which both labor and management are supposed to serve is frequently lost sight of.

Bigger and Bigger and Bigger

There is something different about Jimmy Hoffa, for he does more than just mold his union on the image of the trucking industry. He leads it—on the way to greater and greater concentration. Unlike the Auto Workers, which had to deal with a highly concentrated industry, the Teamsters began with a fragmented industry. By insisting on area agreements, Hoffa forces employers to band together on a wider and wider scale. "The future of labor-management relations," he says, "is big labor and big business, for there is no room for the small business or the small union." Therefore Hoffa sought and found his allies among the bigger companies.

The Teamsters Union has thus played a role in stabilizing the trucking industry by promoting uniform wages and conditions, and at the same time it has powerfully contributed to driving the smaller and fringe operators out of business.

But as the industry—mostly because of Hoffa—becomes more corpo-

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rate and less of a province of the freebooting entrepreneur, some dilemmas are already confronting the Teamsters' ninth vice-president. It can be safely predicted that these dilemmas and embarrassments will become more and more acute in direct relation to the success that has made Hoffa a national figure. It must already be difficult for him to reconcile the James R. Hoffa who recently lectured at Harvard with the Jimmy Hoffa who has no qualms about putting ex-convicts in favored positions in the labor organization.

Congressional investigations, the possibility of Federal regulation of the trucking industry, and the growing sobriety of the labor movement itself are all likely to act as curbs on the rambunctious Teamsters. Oddly enough, it was Dave Beck who complained: "We feel as if we are orphans in this industry. We are the only major transportation industry in America without its own regulatory body. The railroads have the Interstate Commerce Commission. The airlines have the Civil Aeronautics Board, and ships have the Maritime Board. Yet our industry must be regulated by the railroad-dominated Interstate Commerce Commission. We have pleaded for years for the appointment of someone on the ICC who comes from the industry and who knows trucking, but our efforts have been in vain." Beck's "orphan" may yet be adopted by the government, with all the restraints attending that relationship.

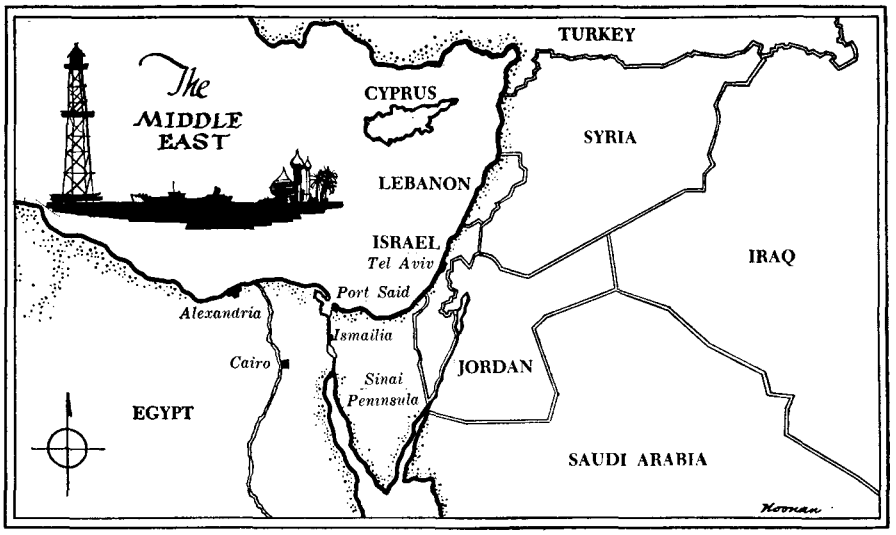
Within the united labor movement, the Ethical Practices Committee of the AFL-CIO can scarcely avoid coming to grips with the questionable alliances and business practices that feed the power of a Beck and a Hoffa.

FOR THE time being, however, Hoffa remains one of those imperious rugged individualists whose actions make more and more difficult the self-assertion of other individuals. So far, the growth of his power has been enhanced by all attempts to check it.

"I learned a long time ago," he says, "that whatever you can do to me, I can do to you, only more."

Quousque tandem, Hoffa?

(This is the second of two articles.)



AT HOME & ABROAD

Steps Toward A Middle Eastern Peace

JAMES P. WARBURG

THE PLAN for promoting peace in the Middle East here put forward is not an alternative to the Eisenhower Doctrine. Instead, it is intended to suggest a course of action through which the President's broad enunciation of principle may be put into effect.

The Anglo-French invasion of the Suez Canal Zone has destroyed what remained of British influence in the Arab world as a whole, and has seriously endangered what is left of Britain's preferential position in the Persian Gulf area. Similarly, the invasion of Egypt further weakened the French hold on Algeria and diminished, though it did not wholly destroy, the chances for the emergence of a western-oriented North African federation consisting of the Arab states of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and perhaps Libya.

The United States and the Soviet Union have a clear interest in preventing each other from moving into the vacuum created by the diminution of Anglo-French influence and power. U.S. oil companies have a huge investment in the oil fields of the Middle East. The United States is committed to the defense of western Europe, whose economic life depends on assured access to the oil resources of the Arab countries. In addition, our nation is committed to the preservation of Israel, whose creation we sponsored.

The Soviet Union's primary interest in the Middle East is to remove western military power, especially U.S. power, from positions which, in the event of war, would threaten Russia from the south. (The present state of affairs is roughly comparable to one that would exist in reverse if Russia had bomber bases in Cuba and Mexico.) Russia has no need for the oil of the Middle East, but the Kremlin certainly is interested in making western access to Middle East oil as precarious as possible. In addition, Russia has for centuries tried to get control of the Turkish straits and to break into both the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf.

Until the arms deal with Egypt in 1955, Soviet influence in the Arab world was negligible. Since then, the

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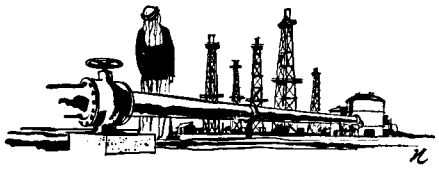
Soviet Union has been able for the first time to establish itself as a major factor in the area. This happened chiefly because the United States, obsessed with the single no-



tion of completing the military encirclement of the Communist world, ignored the complicated political forces at work in the Middle East and inadvertently opened the door to Soviet penetration. The ill-considered Baghdad Pact, especially the rearming of Iraq, plus the West's refusal to rearm Egypt, gave the Kremlin a long-sought opportunity.

When we tried to construct the so-called Northern Tier alliance, we overlooked two facts of vital importance: that Arab nationalism was and is infinitely more anti-western and anti-Israeli than anti-Communist; and that in any competitive wooing of Arab nationalism the Kremlin would not be hampered by dependence upon Arab petroleum resources or by a conflicting commitment to preserve a Jewish state which the Arabs seek to destroy.

It is no longer a question of keeping Russia out of the Middle East but of getting the Soviet Union out of a position that already threatens our vital interests. Since with our bomber bases we are in a position to threaten the vital centers of the Soviet Union, especially its major oil fields, it is apparent that the essentials for negotiation exist.

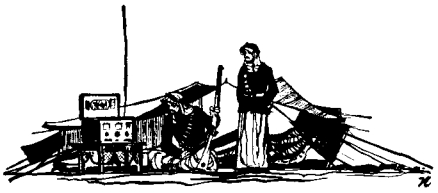
It is equally apparent that in such a negotiation we shall be at a disastrous disadvantage so long as a Moscow-backed régime in Cairo controls the Suez Canal, and so long as Arab anti-westernism is kept alive by our support of Israel, which the Arabs want to extinguish.

Neutralization

Our ultimate objective must be to negotiate an agreement with the Soviet Union that would permit the Middle Eastern countries themselves to fill the "vacuum" left by European withdrawal. Such an agreement would provide not only for a mutual renunciation of any plans or hopes to dominate all or any part of the area but also for a mutual undertaking not to arm any of the Middle Eastern countries and to strip any economic assistance of political implications. In effect, it would provide for military and political neutralization of the whole area.

In the absence of a Suez settlement and an Arab-Israeli peace, the Soviet Union is hardly likely to consider any such agreement, since it would obviously appear more profitable to the Kremlin to continue to exploit the advantages of the *status quo*. Therefore, our immediate aim should be to break the strangle hold on Europe's throat now held by the Cairo-Moscow axis and, by bringing about a just peace, to eliminate or at least diminish the very substantial part of Arab anti-westernism that derives from hatred of Israel.

It is hardly necessary to list the reasons why neither the European nor Asian canal users nor the United States would be satisfied to



leave the Egyptian government in absolute control of the Suez Canal. It is equally unnecessary to give the reasons why Egypt, backed by Moscow, wants to retain full control. The fact is that there is a deadlock which even the skillful diplomacy of Dag Hammarskjöld is unlikely to resolve, unless he is given the means by which to bring about a solution.

World Waterways

The means are in our hands. At the Potsdam Conference of 1945, Mr. Truman suggested the internationalization of all the world's strategic waterways, including the Turkish straits, the Rhine-Danube waterway, and the Suez, Panama, and Kiel Canals. Stalin was interested only in the Turkish straits and the Kiel Canal. Churchill, according to Truman's memoirs, did not want to discuss Suez at Potsdam in 1945. He explained that "the British had an arrangement with which they were satisfied and under which they had operated for some seventy years without complaints." To this Molotov prophetically replied: "You should ask Egypt." Other business supervened, and nothing came of the project.

However, there is nothing to prevent our government from resurrecting this proposal in modified form to meet altered circumstances.

If the Administration were to offer to place the Panama Canal Zone under United Nations control, provided that Egypt would take similar action with regard to Suez and the narrow entrance to the Gulf of Aqaba, it would become very nearly impossible for President Nasser to refuse.

If the Russians reopened the question of the Turkish straits and the Kiel Canal, the answer would be that Turkey would be asked to take similar action when and if an overall security agreement was reached with respect to the whole Middle East area; and that Germany would be asked to take similar action with respect to the Kiel Canal when and if the Rhine-Danube waterway was placed under U.N. control.

Two Objections Answered

The essence of this suggestion was put forward by the writer in a letter to the New York *Times* dated September 10, 1956, some six weeks before the Middle East crisis erupted into war. In subsequent letters to the *Times* and in others addressed to the writer privately, two objections were raised:

It was argued that there was no analogy between the "lawfully established" position of the United States as to Panama and the "illegal seizure" of Suez by the Egyptian government. As a matter of historical fact, there is an analogy. The procedure by which President Theodore Roosevelt acquired the Canal Zone in 1903 was so flagrantly in violation of treaty rights and international law that some twenty years later the United States paid the Republic of Colombia an indemnity of $25 million. Theodore Roosevelt himself made no bones about saying in his autobiography, "I took Panama." But even if our position in Panama were impeccable, this would be no

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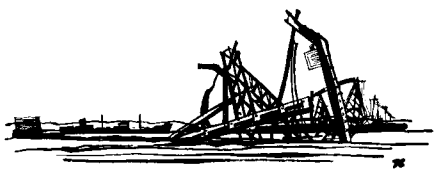
reason not to relinquish it in the interest of accomplishing our present purposes in the Middle East.

A far more cogent objection—cogent, that is, if valid—is that turning over the Panama Canal Zone to the United Nations would seriously weaken the security of the United States. The facts, however, do not support this contention. Not being a sea-level canal, the Panama waterway is very vulnerable to enemy attack by nuclear weapons. A single atomic bomb could wreck one of its six giant locks and put the canal out of commission for months if not years. Worse yet, a single bomb could breach the Gatun Dam, turning Gatun Lake into a mudhole and rendering the canal nonexistent for a long time. It is precisely for this reason, and because the locks will not accommodate our Navy's new supercarriers and supertankers, that the question of making the Panama Canal into a sea-level waterway has been seriously considered by Congress and by our military authorities. This project would, however, take ten years and cost an estimated four to five billion dollars. These being the facts, it might well be that the Panama Canal would be safer if it were owned and operated by the United Nations. In any case, it would certainly be no less safe, since its air defense would have to be conducted far out over the Caribbean or the Pacific.

A U.N. Zone

If Nasser could be persuaded to place the Suez Canal and the Tiran Strait under U.N. control and if Egypt and Israel could be persuaded to cede or sell to the U.N. a zone running from the Gaza strip on the Mediterranean along the Israel-Egyptian frontier to the Gulf of



Aqaba, certain desirable objectives would be attained:

¶ The canal users, including Israel, would be assured of the uninterrupted availability of the waterway. They would also be assured of an alternative site for an additional canal and for pipelines running through neutral, U.N.-controlled territory from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean.

¶ A neutral zone would be established between Israel and Egypt.

¶ By free transit through the neutral zone, a land bridge would be established between Egypt and the Arab states of Asia Minor.

¶ By similar free transit, Israel would have access to the port of Elath and unimpeded entrance to the Gulf of Aqaba through the Tiran Strait.

¶ The United Nations would have a suitable base for the maintenance of a permanent Middle East police force.

A plan of this nature has been suggested by various European writers, notably in the London *Economist*, but it becomes practical only if the United States makes the opening move of offering to place the Panama Canal Zone under United Nations jurisdiction and control.

This is the key to the whole problem of Suez and to much of the problem of bringing about an Arab-Israeli peace settlement.

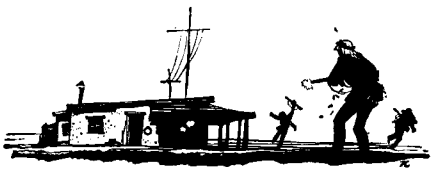
What if we made the offer and Nasser refused? Nasser could not refuse without incurring the condemnation of every eastern and western nation interested in assured passage through the Suez Canal. He could not refuse without losing what support he now enjoys from the Arab states interested in selling their oil. If, in spite of these considerations, the Egyptian President should reject the proposal, it would seem unlikely that he would stay in power very long.

Arab-Israeli Settlement

This first step would constitute a major advance toward an Arab-Israeli peace settlement. It would remove from contention the question of Israel's right of transit through the Suez Canal and through the Gulf of Aqaba to Elath. So far as Israel and Egypt are concerned, it would put an end to border raids and reprisals, and it would establish a trip wire against major aggression such as the recent Israeli invasion of Egypt.

The second step would be the freezing of the present armistice boundaries between Israel and the neighboring states of Lebanon, Syria, and Jordan, pending the determination of final boundaries at an Arab-Israeli peace conference. This freezing of the boundaries would be enforced by detachments of the international police force based in the U.N. neutral zone.

It would be the function of the U.N. to bring both Israelis and Arabs to the realization that both



sides have suffered injustice, that neither side is wholly right or wholly wrong and that both would benefit from a peace based upon mutual concession and forgiveness.

Several factors could help immeasurably to bring about such reconciliation. A renunciation by Israel of any ambition for further territorial aggrandizement and a promise to accept whatever territorial adjustments may be deemed just as between the original U.N. partition and the present armistice lines would go far toward obtaining the acquiescence of the Arabs in Israel's existence.

A determined effort by the U.N. to obtain both Israeli and Arab cooperation in repatriating or resettling the Arab refugees could be greatly helped by generous contributions from Jews in other parts of the world, especially from Zionist groups in the United States who have sponsored and supported Israel.

The greatest impulse toward the pacification of the whole area could, however, be given by the adoption of an over-all regional development scheme such as that suggested by a group of independent experts in the December 16, 1956, issue of the London *Observer*.

Oil and Development

The basic assumption of this group is that there can in future be no security from expropriation of commercially owned oil installations and no security from sabotage of pipelines controlled by private oil

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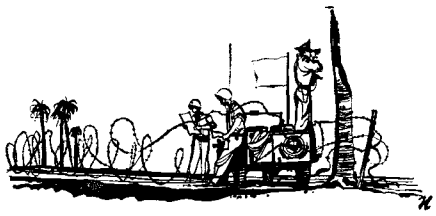
companies unless foreign control of those assets is firmly backed by Middle Eastern public opinion and international law.

The group puts forward substantially this proposal: that by international agreement a United Nations



Middle East Development Authority be authorized to place a levy upon all oil shipments from Middle Eastern ports, and that, in addition, the Development Authority should take over and operate all Middle East pipelines, charging an additional levy to cover operating costs and existing charges for transit rights. The proceeds from both would then be contributed toward an approved economic development program for the entire area.

The authors of the plan contend that by this means the oil companies and their customers would obtain greatly increased and internationally guaranteed security of operation. They would also be relieved from dependence upon tankers too large for European terminals, since they would be able to pipe unlimited supplies to Mediterranean ports. Admittedly, they would pay more for Middle Eastern oil than they pay now, but not as much as it will certainly cost them if Middle East conditions continue as anarchic as they otherwise must become.

Under this proposal, the nations of the Middle East would have a big enough stake in oil revenues to give them a strong interest in uninterrupted production and marketing. Since their collective revenues would be channeled through the U.N., the Middle Eastern countries would have reasonable assurance that these funds would be equitably shared and applied where they would most benefit the area instead of being monopolized by the big oil-producing countries.

It goes without saying that the oil-rich areas would at first be less enthusiastic for such a scheme than Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, and Egypt. Nevertheless, Saudi Arabia, Iraq, and the Persian Gulf sheikdoms stand to gain but little from their rich oil fields if production and transportation are subject to continued threats of interruption.

The writer would propose an addendum to the foregoing plan: that the United States offer to channel its intended contributions to the economic development of the Middle East area through the U.N. regional authority, provided that the Soviet Union agrees to do likewise. If the Soviet Union were to accept such a proposal, one of the major aims of a Middle East settlement would be achieved—the removal of all political overtones from both American and Soviet economic assistance. If we made the proposal and the Soviet Union rejected it, the expansionist aims of the Kremlin would be unmasked and Communist influence in the area would diminish.

'Eisenhower Doctrine' Insufficient

Clearly, more is needed than a mere reaffirmation of the Truman Doctrine and its explicit extension to the Middle East. A declaration of "So far and no further," backed by the threat of nuclear power, may be necessary to prevent Soviet miscalculation and consequent overt aggression such as occurred in Korea. But such a declaration would provide no defense whatever against the far greater danger of increasing political penetration. The Truman Doctrine did not prevent the rape of Czechoslovakia. The Eisenhower Doctrine is unlikely to save Syria from a similar fate. Nor can we now forestall any such disaster with economic aid, since Syria refuses to accept aid from us so long as we back Israel's right to exist.

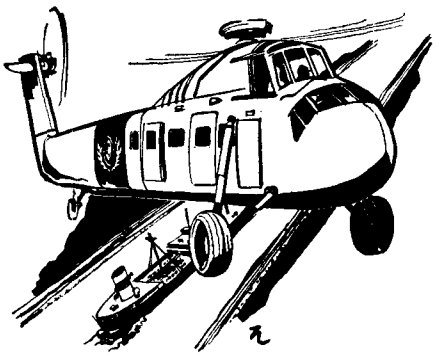
The problem we face in the Middle East is quite different from that which arose in 1947, when Britain was forced to drop the defense of Greece and Turkey on our doorstep. The Arab states have not asked for protection. Few if any of them would accept an American protectorate in the existing circumstances. Any attempt to take over the British position, as we did in Greece and Turkey, would not only alienate the Arabs and drive them closer to the Soviet Union; it would also cost us the newly gained good will of most of the Afro-Asian peoples.

The ultimate problem of the Middle East consists of aiding the completion of the social and economic revolution that has begun. The ultimate problem concerns people rather than nations. It concerns the emancipation of ignorant, impoverished, and oppressed people not only from foreign domination or exploitation but from anachronistic social and economic conditions.

THE FIRST STEP toward this goal is the creation of an environment in which the Middle Eastern revolution may peacefully complete its course. This requires that the Soviet Union be prevented from pushing further into the area on the heels of European retirement.

But the United States cannot prevent Russia from "filling the vacuum" by attempting to do so with its own influence and power. We can prevent further Soviet penetration only by negotiating with Russia a mutual hands-off agreement, permitting the Middle Eastern peoples to develop their full independence. That we cannot do with our diplomacy hog-tied by the unsolved problems of Suez, an Arab-Israeli peace settlement, and a system of exploiting Middle Eastern resources which creates inequalities, injustices, and conflicts within the area.

The proposal here put forward attempts to deal directly with these handicaps to our diplomacy. Admittedly, it entails certain sacrifices. Perhaps others can devise a plan that will accomplish the same ends at lesser cost. The fact remains, however, that unless and until the existing handicaps to our diplomacy are removed, Soviet penetration of the area will continue; and, short of war, the United States will be powerless to prevent it.



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In Defense of the U.N.

A Footnote to Mr. Warburg

MAX ASCOLI

I WOULD HAVE no reason to comment on the preceding article were it not that I consider it a remarkable instance of a prevailing trend among political commentators here and in Britain. The trend is to define goals that the diplomacy of the western powers could pursue to clear up the Middle Eastern mess, and then entrust their attainment to that already overburdened, overcommitted organization—the U.N.

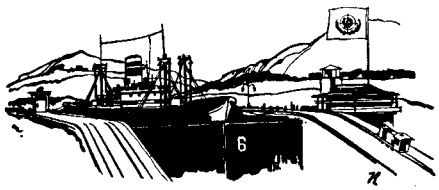
With most of the goals I have little or no quarrel. For months, this magazine has been insisting that the Middle East should be treated as a region and that the economic and political regeneration of those countries can be brought about only if the western powers and Soviet Russia stop their competitive gunrunning and reach an agreement to neutralize the whole region under U.N. auspices.

But when I see the number of jobs that, according to Mr. Warburg, the U.N. should take on, the complexity of the plans he asks the U.N. to articulate and enforce, I cannot help gasping. In his view the U.N. should own and operate the Panama, Suez, and Kiel canals; it should be given, or buy, a zone running from the Gaza Strip to the Gulf of Aqaba; it should control and presumably own an additional canal and new pipelines. Furthermore, it should set up a Middle East Development Authority designed to ensure an equitable distribution of the riches produced by oil among all Middle Eastern nations alike.

The Scandinavian Oligarchy

Some of these plans have been advanced by authoritative British publications, and the one for internationalization and U.N. management of assorted international waterways has found a number of influential advocates in our country, including Harry Truman. Mr. Warburg, whose reputation as a fearless, free-wheeling planner is well established, renders a service to our readers by offering them a neat summary of the various ideas that have been batted around, plus some of his own.

Yet I cannot help finding it somewhat strange that all these generous planners of future U.N. ventures seem somehow to overlook the fact that the U.S.S.R. is in the U.N. Ever since San Francisco, it has been quite clear that the U.N. can act on major



problems affecting the major nations only if there is agreement among these nations—or at least that measure of agreement which comes from a balance of power between the two major antagonistic blocs.

So far there have been only two instances when soldiers of many nations have been brought together in military formations under the flag of the U.N. This was made possible for the first time, when Korea was invaded, by the fact that the representative of Soviet Russia was absent from the Security Council. In the case of Suez, whatever there was of U.N. action was made possible by the absent-mindedness of the U.S. delegation at the General Assembly.

Should anything like a proposal for U.N. administration of the Panama Canal be considered, it is not likely that Soviet Russia would be either absent or absent-minded. The same obviously would be the case with the control of old and new pipelines from the oil fields to the Mediterranean, the equitable distribution of wealth among all Arabs alike, no matter whether oil millionaires or starved fellaheen. Yet we should know that the U.N. cannot act on any major problem unless there is a measure of agreement between the United States and the U.S.S.R.

ONE of the truly remarkable achievements of the U.N. is that in spite of all its hopeless strictures, it has managed to survive and still exert a firm hold on people's loyalty and imagination—evidence being the latest flurry of plans. For this endurance great credit goes to the extraordinary levelheadedness of two admirable Scandinavians. Dag Hammarskjöld as well as Trygve Lie husbanded whatever power was left to the universal organization and managed to have its prestige maintained and even increased against impossible odds.

When the police force for the Middle East was assembled the first soldiers to arrive came from Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland. The world certainly owes a great obligation to the first two Secretaries-General and to some of their fellow Scandinavians, men like Gunnar Myrdal and Halvard Lange. However, considering all the Authorities to be set up, and assuming that the two major powers will kindly keep their hands off, it is doubtful whether there are enough Scandinavians to go around and run canals and pipelines as well as equitably distribute oil bounties.

The Useful Incongruities

Yet there can be no doubt that the armament and influence race in the Middle East must be halted and that the economies of the Middle Eastern nations must be dealt with as a whole. This can be done only if, as the President put it recently, we reach a "better understanding with the Russians." Negotiations with Soviet Russia would make imperative the existence of something like the U.N. if the U.N. did not exist already. The Soviet leaders, from Stalin to Khrushchev, at Yalta and at Geneva, have never made a mystery of their real aim. They seek a crude partition of the world between the two great powers that really count, and let the rest—the U.N. included—go hang.

The very fact that the U.N. is here would be enough to make any such peace as the Russians envision utterly impossible. It is because of the U.N. that the diplomatic and moral strength of each nation is not

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exactly a carbon copy of its military and economic power. How else can we explain not only the influence of the Scandinavian countries but that of India, of Canada, and of Belgium?

Inside the U.N. the influence of each nation manifests itself through association with other like-minded nations. Inside the U.N. the need of a leader nation to be the matrix of a bloc is in direct proportion to its power, for there is no other way of counterbalancing the principle of one nation, one vote. This applies eminently to the United States. Indeed, it can be said that the best service our country can render to itself and to the U.N. is to re-establish the cohesion and the unity of our own bloc. And let the Communist bloc show what it is and what its matrix power does to the ones it molds—like Hungary.

IF OUR NATION starts operating again as a matrix of commonwealths, then even some of the most seemingly incongruous features of the U.N. General Assembly become justifiable and useful—perhaps as useful as that invaluable rule of our Constitution which assigns to every state two seats in the U.S. Senate. True, in that representative body of mankind, the General Assembly, too many constituencies are just rotten boroughs. But this we can well take in our stride, for the present membership of the U.N. evinces the principle that the power of the few big nations cannot establish peace in the world without the assent and the scrutiny of what Calhoun called the concurrent majority. This is the principle for which the U.N. stands: The great powers must agree—but their agreement must not be made for their own benefit alone.

If the United States and the bloc it leads act according to this principle, then "a better understanding with the Russians" can be reached and the U.N. will become stronger. But a stronger U.N., in the Middle East or anywhere, without a better understanding with the Russians is utterly inconceivable.

Dulles and Congress: Playing at Partnership

DOUGLASS CATER

IN THE rather dull sport of political gamesmanship practiced in pushing a program through Congress, Secretary of State Dulles displays considerable deftness.

When he appeared before the House and Senate committees to testify in support of the "Eisenhower Doctrine" he proved himself in good form in spite of his recent illness. His reflexes, though perhaps slowed down a bit, were well conditioned. Stoically he withstood the battering of the committee members, patiently he formulated and reformulated his answers to the repetitious questions.

If Dulles felt the inclination, once noted in Secretary Acheson, to decapitate an inquisitor with a single whistling sentence, he resisted it. By the end of the first day of his testimony before the Senate's joint hearing of the Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committees, James Reston of the New York *Times* had concluded that "on the central question . . . nobody laid a glove on him."

Behind the firm guard of Dulles's central proposition advanced in support of the Middle East Resolution it was very difficult to see how a glove *could* be laid on him. The proposition was simply that the prospect of Communist aggression in the area constituted "the most serious threat we have faced over the past ten years." These were words, everyone knew, calculated to dominate the news. To such an assertion one question naturally followed: What chance was there that American boys might become involved? asked Senator William Langer (R., North Dakota), who accepts quite literally the dogma that only American boys have mothers. Dulles answered without blinking: "I would say if this resolution passes, I think there is very little likelihood. If it does not pass, I think there is a very great likelihood."

Before such oversimplifications the committee members were helpless. They could scoff, calling to mind the civil war in Greece, the Berlin blockade, the Korean War, and, during Dulles's own Secretaryship, the crisis in the Formosa Strait. They could recall sneeringly Dulles's soothing words about the Middle East crisis as recently as the previous month. They could utter quick, low grunts of disbelief when Dulles, as if oblivious of his stern ultimatum, declared blithely, "I have never believed that a President ought to deliberately put Congress in a position where it either had to do something it did not want to do or else risk the security of the United States by refusing to do so. . . ." They knew that in the end they could only go along because there was no other course.

IT is not clear, however, whether President Eisenhower and his Secretary of State really expected to accomplish another Congressional blitz on the order of the Formosa Resolution, when only four days elapsed between the President's request and its final passage. Certainly, there were hints of such intent: the preliminary leak to the New York *Times* (Dulles later blamed this, like almost everything else, on the British), which provided the excuse for briefing the press before the Congressional leadership; Mr. Eisenhower's plan, which Speaker Sam Rayburn talked him out of, to forgo his State of the Union appearance before Congress to highlight further his Middle East message; Dulles's testy response in a private session to the assertion of Senator Fulbright (D., Arkansas) that the Senators would have a good many questions to ask. They were welcome to do so, Dulles replied with an impatience he managed to subdue in the open hearings, if they thought they knew more about the conduct

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of our foreign policy than the President.

In a way, the ploys were almost too obvious. The President repeatedly professed to the Congressional leaders that he felt no pride of authorship and welcomed their participation in drafting the resolution. Again, Speaker Sam, with an earthy common sense, gently quashed the suggestion, telling Dulles it would be better to have something in writing. But later, when Dulles appeared before the open hearing of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, he expressed profuse thanks for the valuable suggestions made by the various members which, he said, had been incorporated in the draft resolution. What these suggestions were never became clear.

Then there was the last-minute surprise of the appointment of James P. Richards to head a special mission to the Middle East, just as Dulles began his testimony to the House Foreign Affairs Committee. Their affable ex-chairman, who had quit Congress, he told one and all, so he could loaf on his South Carolina plantation, was, like ex-Senate Foreign Relations Chairman Walter George, going to serve as a Special Assistant to Dulles with the rank of ambassador. "If you come right down to it," Richards said later, "I guess they wanted a Democrat for the job. I've been a Democrat all my life."

The Members Ask Questions

Whatever the Administration's expectations of early passage, they were short-lived. Lacking any evidence of "overt armed aggression" by the Communists, the members decided they could at least afford to be deliberative, finding precedent in the month and a half that elapsed between the announcement of the Truman Doctrine and the final enactment of the Greek-Turkish aid program. Now they would at least ask the questions that needed answering—something they had failed to do during the Formosa flurry.

The most serious question of all was raised by the quietly dignified Senator John C. Stennis (D., Mississippi), who expressed deep concern over this second attempt by President Eisenhower to share his powers as Commander in Chief with Congress. "I think we are rewriting the Constitution in a large way," Stennis declared, "when we write emergency legislation in which we 'authorize' the President to use armed forces." Wouldn't it be wiser, he suggested, to say instead that Congress "approves" the use of those forces? Dulles, as though the matter were of little moment, said he would consider it. Yet a short time later, he cheerfully agreed to Senator Knowland's proposition that Congress be enabled to end this grant of authority by a concurrent resolution rather than a joint one, since the latter would be subject to the President's veto. In effect, Congress would thus be asserting its right to terminate unilaterally a power granted the President that many believe already belongs to him and that Congress has no right to bestow in the first place.

However, Members of Congress are reluctant to rally to the cause of Congressional self-abnegation. They found a happier field for inquiry in the substantive aspects of the Resolution. To their chagrin, they soon discovered that Mr. Dulles was ready to explain at some length what he wasn't proposing but strangely reluctant to be specific about what he was. He asked to be excused from defining in public session the boundaries of the Middle East, indicating solemnly that this was the sort of thing the Communists would like to know. He agreed readily that the Resolution did not pertain to subversion, shipment of arms, non-Communist aggression, or a host of other ailments currently afflicting the Middle East. Even the definition of "overt armed aggression" was left in doubt. If, he was asked, one Middle Eastern country attacked another and requested Soviet "volunteers," would this constitute such aggression? Not, replied Mr. Dulles, so long as the Russians "stayed entirely within the boundaries of the country that invited them."

A Man on a Mission

The Eisenhower Doctrine, one gathered from Dulles's circumlocutions, was not so much an attempt to fill a vacuum as to seal one off. Anyway, he asserted, the idea of a vacuum was not to the liking of the inhabitants of the region concerned. It was fruitless to discuss physical laws.

But the most perplexing line of inquiry, members soon discovered, concerned the vacuum existing at the heart of Mr. Dulles's request for authority to transfer funds—$200 million as a start—into a Middle East kitty. It became clear that this proposal had been whipped up with considerable haste. In their replies to a series of very specific questions from Senator Mike Mansfield, neither Dulles nor foreign-aid administrator John B. Hollister showed that they had any clear idea of where the money was coming from or going to.

Lacking answers, the Secretary played to the hilt the prospect that the Richards mission would be able to come up with some. Then why not wait till Mr. Richards returned? Mr. Dulles, alarmed at this turn in the questioning, said that it was important that Richards be able to make commitments. Was the ex-Congressman, a veteran politician but untried in diplomacy, really to consummate negotiations which would have made a Lawrence of Arabia quail? Oh, answered Mr. Dulles, there would be experts going along with him.

The suspicion arose that maybe Mr. Richards was intended to act as a colossal payoff man to the Arabs with two hundred million dollars boodle in his bag. Dulles rejected the idea indignantly. There could be "no more flagrant use of the taxpayer's money than that," he protested.

To the enterprising Crosby Noyes of the Washington *Evening Star*, who managed to get an interview, Richards revealed that he was no less confused about his mission than the others. "This thing," he said, "is pretty much in the talking stage. I've been running around here for the past few days, listening in at all sorts of conferences and getting briefed by a lot of people. They've been real nice and the Secretary's door has always been open. But I don't want to sound like I was making policy or talking for the department."

Was he to be negotiator or fact finder? "I expect it might turn out to be a little of both," Richards re-

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plied. "I'll go out there and talk with these people and tell them what we've got to offer. Then I'll come on back here and be able to tell Mr. Dulles, 'This is what you can do here', or 'This won't go over so well here.' " Richards declared he would, as far as possible, steer clear of the "basic problems" of the area such as the Suez Canal and the Arab-Israeli dispute. "If this gets mixed up with that other stuff, we'll get no place at all," he told Noyes. "We'll do what we can, but I'm afraid the basic problems of the Middle East won't be settled in my time." He said he hoped his mission could be wound up in about six months.

As he faces the Senators across the table, Secretary Dulles, who has always placed popularity with Congress high among his ambitions, must wonder at times just how well he has succeeded. George is gone and he can count very little on the new Foreign Relations Chairman, Theodore Francis Green (D., Rhode Island), spry for his eighty-nine years but slightly deaf, a stickler for trivial details, and clearly incapable of swinging much weight in either the Committee or the larger body. Next in line is Fulbright, an idealistic and dedicated man whom Dulles has notably failed to cultivate or convince. Behind him in committee seniority come Senators Sparkman, Humphrey, Mansfield, Morse—probably as able and internationalist a group as can be found in the Senate. Their skepticism toward the Secretary is thinly veiled. None has displayed the slightest inclination to take up the cudgels for him.

There is little counterweight on the minority side of the committee. The two senior Republicans—well-meaning but elephantine Alexander Wiley and elderly, ineffectual Alexander Smith—can hardly be of much help. It is indicative of the desperate quest for a spokesman that Bourke Hickenlooper, remembered chiefly for his long-ago "incredible mismanagement" tiff with David Lilienthal, is being watched hopefully by State Department liaison men.

Uneasy Bipartisanship

The business of bringing Congress along on foreign policy has never been entirely without guile. Even in the heyday of the great postwar achievements, the Secretary of State was obliged to practice certain deceits upon the chieftains in Congress. Few were so obliging as the House Foreign Affairs Chairman Sol Bloom, who sent word to the State Department that he didn't care what they did so long as he was informed a half hour ahead of everybody else. Few were as candid as Chairman Richards, who always wanted some fat left in the foreign-aid bills so he could get credit for cutting it out. Most of them had their pet crotchets. Even Arthur Vandenberg, whose eminence as a policymaker grew over the years, had to be "handled" at times.

These were matters of tactics. But no one who was involved ever supposed that the Executive and Congress had entered into any sort of partnership for the conduct of foreign policy. Indeed, Vandenberg once complained, "Many people seem to think that I act as a sort of Co-Secretary of State in connection with foreign-policy decisions. This of course is totally erroneous. Indeed, it would be a physical impossibility."

The playing at partnership really amounts to the biggest deceit of all. That is why Members of Congress who are vitally concerned about the Middle East situation have been angered by the notion that they are somehow being made co-secretaries of the Eisenhower Doctrine. They are suspicious of why they have been called in. From what Mr. Dulles has told them so far, they are not sure whether the Doctrine is directed at the Middle East or at them.

$200 Million For What?

GEORGE BARNES

So far as the economic aspect of the Administration's historic gamble for the Middle East is concerned, the Secretary of State apparently means to hold his hand pretty close to the vest. Hours of questioning on Capitol Hill have failed to evoke from Mr. Dulles any real explanation of how he is going to use the $200-million-a-year fund the Administration wants from Congress.

No one who knows the desperate poverty of the region and understands the irrepressible surge of its peoples toward something better will challenge the premise that the United States must respond to their need if we hope to dissuade them from further adventures with Communism. The question to which Mr. Dulles's reticence gives rise, however, is whether the Administration's new economic program can actually produce the results we look for in the present crisis.

It may be, of course, that the Secretary of State has excellent reasons for his reluctance to expose his hand at this stage of the game. It is well known that money can work wonders in the Middle East if you are not too finicky about how you use it; and it is at least possible that Mr. Dulles does not intend to be finicky. If this is the case, his noncommittal attitude at this stage is understandable.

On the other hand, if the Administration intends to pursue a major development program in the Middle East on the crash basis suggested by the President, Mr. Dulles's reticence may derive from the plain fact that he doesn't know what the money is going to be used for. We have been trying for five and a half years to get an effective economic-development program going in the Middle East, and we haven't had much luck at it.

We Can't Get Rid of the Money

The fuzziness of the Administration's new program makes comparisons with this past effort hazardous. We do not know, for example, what

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countries or what kind of projects are to be included in the new program. The general impression is that it is to embrace a wide area extending from Libya to Pakistan and from Turkey to Ethiopia.

From all that has been said, however, it may be assumed that the main focus will be on the Arab states at the eastern end of the Mediterranean, where the greatest pressure of Communist penetration is being felt. A look at our previous efforts at economic development in these countries may serve to illustrate certain problems Mr. Dulles apparently prefers to ignore.

BETWEEN July 1, 1951, and June 30, 1956, the United States allotted a total of $136,295,000 to five Arab states—Egypt, Iraq, Jordan, Lebanon, and Saudi Arabia. Of this "allotment," which means money earmarked for a particular country, $129,627,000 was "obligated," which means earmarked for specific purposes, development assistance and technical co-operation, within a particular country. But of the obligated funds, only $73,054,000 has actually been spent. In other words, over a five-year period, it has been impossible to spend forty-five per cent of the money we had planned to spend in the five Arab states.

Eliminate the technical assistance funds from the totals, and the picture is even less promising. For development projects alone—presumably the kind of aid contemplated by the Administration's new program—we obligated $84,134,000 for three Arab countries—Lebanon, Jordan, and Egypt—in the five years between 1951 and 1956. Of this amount, only $36,487,000 has actually been expended, which is to say that fifty-six per cent of the money we planned to spend for economic development in Arab countries over a five-year period is still in the Treasury.

Two Arab states—Iraq and Saudi Arabia—have received no development aid at all, preferring, presumably, to rely on their own oil royalties. One Arab country has refused assistance of any kind. This is Syria, ingrown, suspicious, unstable, and now deeply penetrated by Soviet influence and heavily endowed with Soviet arms.

Parenthetically, it may be noted

that for Israel, the U.S. development aid funds obligated during the same five-year period totaled $252 million, of which $234 million, or ninety-two per cent, has actually been put to work. If the amount allocated to Israel exceeds by many times the amount allotted to individual Arab states—a fact Arab leaders are fond of pointing out—the reason may be that the Israelis have had the political stability, the will, and the skill to plan and carry out development programs as rapidly as financial assistance becomes available. Washington has long wished for similar competence and initiative on the part of Israel's neighbors.

IN SHORT, there is little or nothing in our past Middle East experience to justify the contention that the Administration can get real economic development under way in the region if Congress will only put up several hundred million dollars with no strings attached. There is even less to suggest that such an expenditure will deter Soviet penetration or win for us the abiding friendship of the Arab peoples. Certainly the $136 million of economic and technical aid we have allotted to them in the last five years has done neither.

The basic fallacy in the economic aspect of the Administration's new proposal, so far as one may judge from Mr. Dulles's generalities, is that it appears to treat only the symptoms and disregards the causes of the illness that plagues the Arab world. Despite our past experience, the Administration seems ready to go right on putting money ahead of the Arabs' fundamental needs—peace, stability and regional co-operation. It should be clear by now that just spending money won't work any miracles.

Double-Crossing Over Jordan

The Jordan Valley project is a case in point. This was a plan initiated by the United States to conserve and harness the waters of the Jordan for irrigation and power. The plan was a "natural" both from the engineering standpoint and as sound economic development, offering more than two hundred thousand people—about a fourth of the Arab refugees—a decent livelihood from irrigated agriculture in what is now an all but barren valley. But there was a joker—the project required the agreement of four Middle Eastern states, all of which had legitimate claim to a share of the river and three of which were bitterly hostile toward the fourth. The countries were Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, and Israel.

In October, 1953, President Eisenhower asked Eric Johnston to go to the Middle East as his personal ambassador to try to persuade the four Jordan Valley states to agree on the project. Johnston set out with no illusions as to the difficulty of the assignment but with a firm conviction that such a plan, if carried out, would help to resolve the urgent refugee problem, establish a pattern for intraregional development, and perhaps open the way for a general relaxation of Arab-Israel tensions.

No man ever worked harder at a job than Johnston worked at this one. On the four separate visits to the Middle East over a span of three years on which I accompanied him as an adviser, I watched him argue and cajole his way through hundreds of weary hours of the most detailed and harassing negotiations it is possible to imagine. He burned the midnight oil in every U.S. Embassy in the area preparing argumentation and counterproposals for the next meeting with one side or the other. American ambassadors winced at his tough talk to Presidents, Prime Ministers, and kings, watched him shatter all the rules of diplomatic

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exchange, and ended up with a considerable amount of admiration for what several of them now call the "Johnston technique."

In the end, his persistence and persuasiveness brought the three Arab states and Israel into agreement on the economic and engineering aspects of a plan for developing the Jordan Valley for the benefit of all four states. He had accomplished the unprecedented feat of working out a project that was acceptable to both sides.

In late September, 1955, a special Committee of Arab Engineers reported to the Arab League that the Johnston plan, revised and refined through negotiation, was equitable, workable, and compatible with Arab interests. This put it squarely up to the political leaders of the Arab states—whether or not to assent to a project involving the expenditure of some $200 million in their countries over a ten-year period, the creation of a major new agricultural area, the development of power for industrial expansion, and the permanent settlement of several hundred thousand of their people on the land.

On the night of October 11, 1955, in the Cairo office of the Egyptian Foreign Minister, Johnston was handed a brief statement that had just been adopted by the Arab League. It requested "more time" to consider the "technical" details of the project. This was diplomatic double talk: rejection of the plan had nothing to do with technical matters. The League's action was motivated wholly by political considerations. It was a clear reflection of the obsessive hatred of Israel that pervades the Arab world. The effect of the League's action was to kill any immediate possibility of going ahead with a major undertaking that offered indisputable benefit to the Arab states themselves.

The negative vote that killed the project under the Arab League's unanimity rule was cast by Saïd el-Ghazzi, then Premier of Syria, who feared the possible political consequences of acceptance. Both Lebanon and Jordan, the other principal beneficiaries, were in favor of acceptance. On the following morning, an exceptionally well-informed Egyptian newspaperman told me that el-Ghazzi had acted under instructions from Nasser of Egypt, who had repeatedly assured Johnston that he would support the plan.

A Pair of Prerequisites

This case history of what happened to a sound and desperately needed large-scale Middle Eastern development project is cited to illustrate several of the realities that Mr. Dulles appears to disregard in his projections of the Administration's economic plan.

One is that economic progress in the area which is of greatest concern to us in the Middle East cannot be achieved until there is peace and a reasonable political *rapprochement* between the Arab world and Israel. Continued military tension imposes a staggering economic burden on the economy of every state in the area, diverts the energies of the people from constructive to destructive ends, strengthens the hand of Nasser and lesser Arab demagogues, and invites further Communist intrusion. So long as Arab leaders feel it necessary to pursue the politically popular line of vengeance against Israel, U.S. offers of economic aid are going to run a poor second to Soviet offers of planes and tanks.

The second reality is that the Middle East can move forward economically only as a region. Its progress depends on regional integration and co-operation between the various states that make it up.

This becomes abundantly clear from even a cursory exploration of major development possibilities.

The Jordan River project, as has been pointed out, requires assent and co-operation by four governments. Development of the Tigris-Euphrates Valley would call for agreement among Iraq, Syria, and Turkey. The Nile—in spite of Nasser's emphasis on the Aswan High Dam—can only be harnessed for maximum benefit through agreement and co-operation among Egypt, the Sudan, Ethiopia, and the territorial governments of Kenya, Tanganyika, and the Belgian Congo.

An expansion of tourist travel to the Holy Land would produce immediate new revenues for the hard-pressed states of Jordan and Israel, with ancillary benefits to their neighbors. It would, in addition, stimulate the construction of new hotel and resort facilities, new transport lines, new highways. Yet, here again, a regional approach is necessary if the traveler is to have free access to all that he wants to see.

One of the region's most urgent needs is a modern highway system linking the Mediterranean seaboard with inland cities and the Persian Gulf. One imaginative and practicable project would involve the construction of a modern toll road, with feeder highways, from Lebanese and Syrian seaport cities across the desert to Iraq and Saudi Arabia. Such a project would be feasible only as a joint undertaking.

The regional approach in the present state of Middle Eastern affairs is admittedly not an easy one. Not only are the Arabs still actively at war with Israel; tensions within the Arab world itself are acute. Nasser's ambitions to weld the Arab nations into an Egyptian-dominated federation have in fact produced precisely the opposite effect. To the south, the Sudan and Ethiopia are increasingly apprehensive of Nasser's machinations, suspicious of his intentions regarding the Nile, angry at his constant propaganda aimed at their minorities. Any constructive effort to start the region along the road to greater economic well-being must begin by dealing with these pressures and conflicts which continue to plague the Middle East.

There is not the slightest doubt that a carefully planned economic attack, carried out on a regional basis under conditions of real peace, could contribute immeasurably to the progress and emancipation of the area. But the mere expenditure of a few hundred million dollars in a crash operation designed to halt Communist penetration by paying for a project here and there won't get us anywhere at all.

If this is all Mr. Dulles has in mind, he might as well save our money.

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Israel and the Refugees Of the Gaza Strip

FRANK GERVASI

GENEVA

THE PROBLEM of the Arab refugees from Israel now encamped in the Gaza Strip and in Jordan, Lebanon, and Syria militates against peace in the Middle East, and thereby threatens the peace and stability of the whole world.

Given the hitherto inflexible positions assumed by Israel and its Arab neighbors on the question, is a solution possible? I have put the question to more than a score of experts —Jewish, Moslem, and Christian—in Israel, the Gaza Strip, and here, and I have received surprisingly optimistic replies. First, however, let us examine the "solutions" proposed by the Arabs and Jews so far.

One hundred per cent repatriation, as insisted upon by Nasser and his predecessors, is patently impossible. To begin with, if it was an injustice to uproot hundreds of thousands of Arabs in the creation of a Jewish state, it would be no less an injustice to impose on 1,800,000 inhabitants of Israel a Moslem multitude schooled in hate and revenge. Israel already has nearly 200,000 Arabs—the 150,000 who never left the country in 1947 and the 40,000 to 50,000 since repatriated to reunited families broken up by the war. Since 1948, moreover, Israel has taken in approximately 400,000 Oriental Jews from Africa and Asia, where Jews who had lived for generations as full-fledged citizens of their respective communities suddenly became anathema.

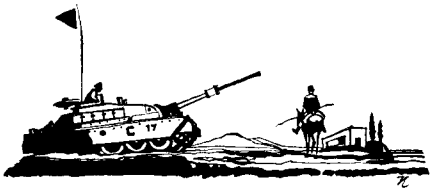
ISRAEL has just about as many Arabs as its hard-pressed economy, still heavily dependent on foreign assistance and investment, can accommodate.

Furthermore, the country must be prepared to make room for "unexpected guests." European Jews filter in from Iron Curtain countries at the rate of about a thousand a month. Thousands more will be coming this year from Egypt. All arrive penniless, no matter how well off they might have been where they came from.

The Mathematics of Misery

Admittedly, the Arab population of the refugee camps is not as big as Nasser's press agents would have one believe: Their figure is a nice, round 1,100,000. The United Nations Relief and Works Agency, which feeds and cares for them, counted them at 922,279 as of the end of last June. However, the refugees have been known to hide their dead to hang onto old ration cards and have been known to pass newborn babies around from family to family to acquire new ones. The total may well be closer to official Israeli estimates ranging from 600,000 to 650,000.

This much is certain: There were



1,100,000 Arabs in British-mandated Palestine as of November, 1947, when the United Nations partitioned the area. Of these, 150,000, according to verifiable Israeli records, remained in the country when the others left. The evidence is overwhelming that the 1947 exodus was instigated by outside leaders who promised the Palestinian Arabs a triumphant return and much loot with the annihilation of the Jews. Anyhow, that would leave 950,000 potential refugees. Of those, 450,000 remained in the Arab part of Palestine annexed by Jordan at the time of the 1948 armistice. They are on their own land, in their own homes, no worse and no better off than they were before. Under no circumstances should they be counted as refugees although they are so considered and as such live on the U.N. dole.

Subtracting the Jordanian "refugees" from the 950,000, one arrives at a figure of 500,000. Allowing for natural increment of births over deaths, the present "real" total can hardly be much more than 600,000. Of these, 217,000 are in the Gaza Strip, which was occupied by the Egyptians at armistice time.

Even 600,000 would be far more Arabs than Israel could possibly absorb, assuming that it would wish or could be persuaded to do so given its limited economic and territorial resources and, most particularly, the poisoned state of the refugees' minds. Unless their guardian, the United Nations, is prepared to reverse its 1947 decision creating a Jewish state, the refugees' only hope of a useful and productive future would seem to lie in resettlement in the Arab countries.

EVERYONE who has had anything to do with the problem, except Nasser, of course, admits that relocation of the Palestinians in other Arab countries is the only practicable solution of their admittedly wretched plight. Half a dozen bold, imaginative projects to that end have gathered dust in official files despite the approval by the U.N. General Assembly in 1952 of a $200-million relief budget, separate from the annual $30-million bill for the refugees' upkeep.

In most respects, the task involved does not seem as onerous as skeptics have pictured it. To begin with, resettling an Arab from a mud-walled hovel in Rafa to a farm in Syria is not nearly as difficult as taking a Jewish tailor from Berlin and turning him into a tractor driver on a kibbutz. There are few linguistic, social, or climatic complications.

Nor is space a problem. There is room for the Palestine Arabs in the underpopulated but as yet underdeveloped areas of the Middle East. Not in Egypt, which is unable to feed its present population, or in tiny Lebanon, which is already overcrowded and in any event must, for political reasons almost identical to Israel's, try to preserve a balance between Moslem and non-Moslem inhabitants. Roughly half of Lebanon's

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1,500,000 people are Christians. They hold the balance of power and want to keep it.

But Syria, for instance, is as big as the states of New York and West Virginia combined. With some four million inhabitants, it is definitely underpopulated. An American agronomist once estimated that Syria alone could eventually support forty million people.

Iraq is even more underpopulated, with five million inhabitants in a country nearly as large as California. It needs farmers and shepherds as well as laborers to work in its oil fields.

'Gaza Is Part of Our Homeland'

Resettlement, however, need not be entirely at the expense of Arab real estate. Certain Jewish leaders—and this was one of the surprises of my on-the-spot investigation of the problem—are profoundly convinced that Israel ought to provide land for substantial numbers of the Palestinians in spite of the economic sacrifices and security risks entailed.

Officially, no one in Jerusalem or Tel Aviv would even hint at how many Palestinians Israel would or could repatriate. Reticence on the subject was especially marked at high levels, of course, because of the unsettled fate of the Gaza Strip, which all Israeli parties, excluding only the Communists and the theocrats of Hapoel Hamizrahi, believe Israel should administer and police under some sort of U.N. agreement, notwithstanding the presence there of 217,000 refugees and some 98,000 other residents who are equally destitute.

It would not be an easy task for Israel to administer the Gaza Strip and its population. But as of mid-January the government was determined not to relinquish the area to Egyptian reoccupation.

Unofficially, a few Israeli leaders were forthright about repatriating "even all of the Gaza refugees if we have to." One of the leaders of the right-wing ex-terrorist Herut Party, which has fifteen members in a Knesset of 120 and is probably the most nationalistic in the Jewish political spectrum, minced no words:

"If the government yields on the question of Gaza," he said, "we will do everything in our power to bring it down. We cannot, we must not withdraw from Gaza. It is part of our homeland. That it contains two hundred thousand refugees is unimportant. We must settle them within our borders, or as many as humanly possible. The refugee problem will never be solved unless we Israelis show the way. Right now, we have a unique opportunity to do just that."

Peretz Bernstein, head of the conservative General Zionists, which has thirteen members and is, after Mapai, the most powerful single bloc in the Knesset, was less dramatic but no less adamant than the former Irgun terrorist about holding on to the Gaza Strip. He recalled that Israel had offered to take the Strip and its refugee population back in 1949 and that the Arabs had immediately countered with demands for territorial concessions in Galilee and the Negev.

"We would submit to world-wide economic sanctions," he said, "before considering giving up one square inch of territory, and Gaza is as much Israel as the Plain of Sharon."

This reporter talked to enough members of Premier David Ben Gurion's own party, Mapai, whose forty seats in the Knesset are far short of a majority, to ascertain that the "Keep Gaza" movement is not limited to the opposition. Ben Gurion, however single-minded and iron-handed he may be, would find himself in serious political difficulties if he were to abandon the Gaza Strip, even to a neutral U.N. administration.

I found that the plight of the Palestine refugees weighs heavily on the Israelis' minds—though they do not believe that the responsibility for the Arab exodus of 1947 weighs as much on them as on the surrounding Arab rulers of that time. The Jews are a compassionate people. They know better than most what it means to be stateless.

More importantly, they appear to realize more than ever that their future as a state depends on making peace with the Arabs. They are straining every nerve to become a viable society independent of foreign assistance by 1965. David Horowitz, governor of the Bank of Israel, was confident that the deadline could be met provided immigration and defense costs remain at "normal" levels and development continues at the present astonishing rate. But increasingly the Israelis are awakening to the fact that viability could be achieved long before 1965 if only peace could be established with the Arabs.

A substantial number, perhaps even a majority, of Jewish leaders see a radical, massive attack on the refugee problem, however great the sacrifices, as a gateway to the peace that everyone in the country fervently desires. There are those who express fears of a "collapse of the national will when the pressures are off," but they admit, when pressed, that they are joking.

'We Need More Hands'

There are fearless men in Israel for whom the Palestine refugees represent not a problem but only so many more hands with which to build a nation. One such is Mayor David Tuvyahu of Beersheba, the booming capital of the Negev. This reporter first saw the town as a Biblical agglomeration of domed, sun-baked mud houses and barely four thousand inhabitants and found it last December a modern, thriving city of thirty thousand. By 1960, Beersheba expects to have a population of at least sixty thousand.

Mayor Tuvyahu is a big man, tall, wide in the shoulders, and thick through the chest. He has a sunburned face, a thinning mane of white hair, and steady blue eyes. He is fifty-eight years old and speaks quietly, almost softly. He came to Palestine from Austria thirty-six years ago, when the homeland was a dream, and he is one of those who has had most to do with making the dream a reality. He is also one of those least afraid of opening Israel to the Palestinian refugees.

"We are building a pipeline," he said, "and a railroad across the Negev from Eilat. Every day we mine 250 tons of potash, 200 tons of phosphates, about 100 of silicates, 60 or 70 tons of clay, and as much as 80 tons of salt. We must extract from the earth twice that much every day if we are to become economically independent.

"We are building houses, garages,

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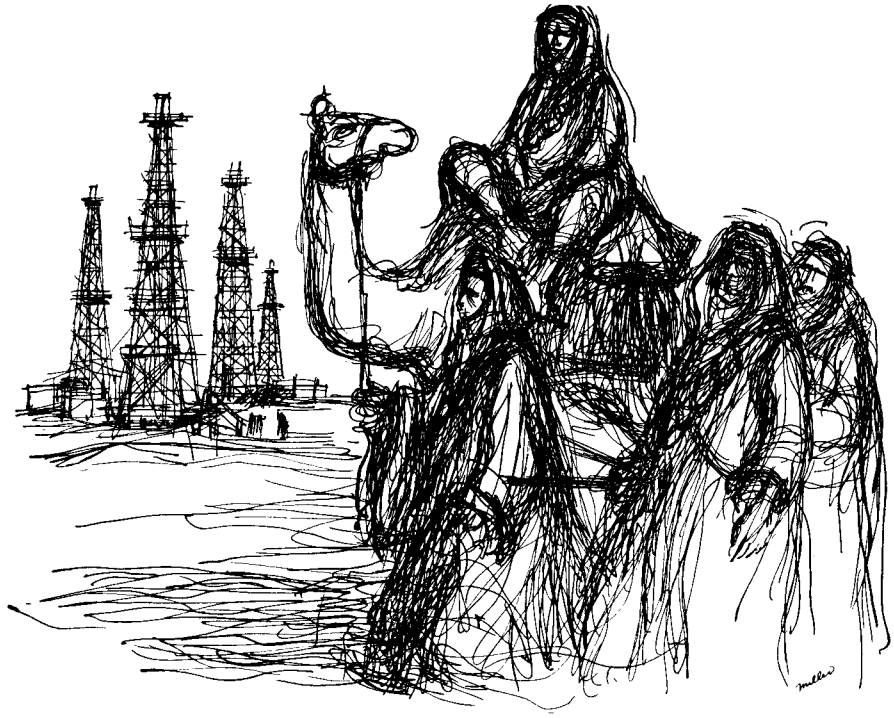
machine shops. We need hands here to mix and pour the concrete and to load and unload the trucks and the railway cars. We need them to make new farms in the desert.

"Yes, we need more hands, for there is so much to do. If we must arrange the matter of the refugees, then we will arrange it. In a Beersheba of 60,000 people, we can have 20,000 Arabs. Why not? There is room in the Negev for ten villages or towns of Arabs and plenty of work for them to do.

"One hundred thousand refugees, two hundred thousand, what does it matter? They hate us? Maybe so. They will come closer to us with time and education and patience. And through them we shall come closer to the East. This we must never forget. We are a western society, yes. But we are becoming more and more orientalized. The time will come when we shall not know whether we are an orientalized western country or a westernized Oriental nation. Our future is in the Orient. Asia can become our economic hinterland, the Arab countries consumers of our products and we of theirs. But we must have peace, and if keeping the Gaza Strip and taking in the refugees is a way to peace, why not?"

WHETHER the Gaza refugees would like to return to normality, meaning daily work and the responsibilities of useful citizenship, is another matter. Those with whom I talked, through interpreters, indicated a strong preference for remaining where they are as wards of the United Nations. No one can blame them. They are better fed, housed, and cared for than their brethren in most Arab countries, and certainly a lot better off on 1,600 calories a day and free milk for their children than their fellows in the Nile Valley or in the slums of Cairo, Beirut, Damascus, and Amman.

Nevertheless, the way seems open to a solution of the explosive Palestine refugee problem. The Israelis appear to be ready to return to their less inflexible 1949 position. Not officially, of course. But as one Israeli diplomat indicated to me, the Jews might well be "persuaded to keep the Gaza Strip and the refugees with it." It seems worth trying.



Oil: How Long Can Nasser Strangle the Flow?

JOHN H. LICHTBLAU

EXCEPT for former Secretary of State Dean Acheson's testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, very little has been said in the current round of Middle East discussions about the role of oil in creating and settling that region's problems. Yet probably the main reason why Britain and France felt compelled to invade Egypt and attempt to overthrow President Nasser was their belief that he had become a serious threat to the Middle Eastern oil deposits.

That Nasser is out to secure control over this unique concentration of wealth and power is a matter of record. In his book *The Philosophy of the Revolution* he says bluntly that through "control of the Arab oil" and Egypt's strategic position the Arabs could "dominate Europe." The two points are actually the same. Egypt's strategic position derives solely from the Suez Canal, which in turn has come to be important mainly as an oil-tanker route.

Less official but equally eloquent evidence of Nasser's pan-Arabian oil plans was furnished, perhaps inadvertently, in his famous interview with Edward R. Murrow on CBS's "See It Now" program last fall. In answer to a question of what Nasser had meant by a statement that oil was one of *Egypt's* main elements of strength, Nasser explained: "From oil we take royalties, from oil we collect money, . . . from oil we have co-operation with all countries. With this co-operation these countries must respect . . . our nationalism."

The key word in this statement is "we." It certainly did not refer to Egypt, which itself has so little oil that it cannot even provide for its own modest needs. What Nasser obviously meant was that Egypt's strength lay in the oil of the Persian Gulf, a thousand miles east. This in turn clearly implied some degree of direct influence by Egypt over the countries producing the oil.

There are other examples. A re-

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cent pamphlet distributed in the Middle East and labeled as an Egyptian government publication calls openly for a pan-Arab oil marketing organization and suggests that "since most of the Middle East oil already goes through the Suez Canal, Egypt is the natural center for the future . . . organization" which would "deprive Egypt's enemies of oil."

Egypt disclaims authorship of this publication. But its content is essentially in line with such statements as "Oil is the lever by which the Arabs can get anything they want from the West," "Imperialism is divesting us of the strongest weapon in our hands. . . . Oil is for the Arabs," and "The Arab League's real strength lies in its control over most of the world's oil reserves," all of which can be heard almost daily over the Egyptian government's Voice of the Arabs station.

Nasser's Control Valves

The actual means employed by Nasser to gain control over the oil deposits of Egypt's neighbors are political infiltration and subversion. Among his instruments are such organizations as the Arab League and the new Pan-Arab Workers Federation. The activities of the Federation, whose headquarters is in a Cairo government building, are political rather than economic, and Nasser seems to have little interest in organizational targets outside the oil industry. His hold on the workers in this industry was demonstrated last July, when he organized a successful twenty-four-hour sympathy strike for his nationalization of the canal. It was demonstrated again during the November conflict, when his appeal to Arab oil workers to stop the oil flow to the West, broadcast by the Voice of the Arabs and by Moscow's Arabic programs, resulted in damages to oil installations in Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Kuwait, and Qatar, although only in Syria was the damage serious.

Nasser's attempts to use the Arab League have been less successful. This organization, made up of the area's nine independent Arab countries, does have a Petroleum Office but it does not dictate oil policies to any Middle Eastern country. Furthermore, some of the most important oil producers in the area—the British-protected sheikdoms of Kuwait, Qatar, and Bahrein as well as Iran, a non-Arab country—are not Arab League members. Nasser is now trying to foster a united Arab oil policy under the auspices of the League, which he more or less dominates. His latest bid is an all-Arab oil conference under Arab League auspices but with oil-producing nonmembers of the League also invited.

Though Nasser does not yet control any of the oil fields in the Middle East, he is already in a position to manipulate their flow. He has achieved this by establishing control over the three pipelines from the fields to the Mediterranean, and these account for more than a third of the westward oil traffic, the rest normally going via Suez. Since Syria is the only country crossed by all three of these pipelines, it became Nasser's primary target for political domination. The recent fusion of the armed forces of the two countries under Egyptian command, the current Egyptian-Syrian unification talks, and the activity of Egyptian agents on behalf of the pro-Nasser clique in the Syrian Army are designed to consolidate Egypt's control over all oil outlets to the West.

While Europe Squirms

When Britain and France struck, Nasser put his scheme to its first test by destroying all normal oil routes to the West except the pipeline from Saudi Arabia, since its destruction would have antagonized King Saud. Nasser's action did not paralyze the European economy, but it hurt it. Europe is still getting about fifty per cent of its normal Middle East oil supplies via the Cape of Good Hope and through the one open pipeline. In addition, it is getting 500,000 barrels daily from the Western Hemisphere. Yet it is still experiencing an oil shortage amounting to about a fifth to a quarter of its normal requirements.

This shortage is unlikely to disappear until at least some oil can again be shipped through the canal or the Iraqi pipelines. There is no doubt that the stoppage has pinched nearly every phase of the European economy, and it may spell the end of Europe's biggest and longest business boom, in which the availability of imported fuel against payment in soft currency played such an important part.

If Europe squirms under the oil embargo, Egypt considers it a complete success. All Egyptian, Syrian, and Jordanian newspapers agree that it was the threat of a prolonged oil shortage and not the U.N. that forced Britain and France out of Egypt and enabled Nasser to humiliate them by dictating the terms under which the canal would be repaired. Egypt's most recent threat to refuse Britain and France access to the canal until Israel leaves the Gaza Strip reflects this conviction. Nasser has the full support of Syria, and he has officially declared that since "petroleum affairs are now handled by the Syrian Army," no repairs can be undertaken without prior approval of the Egyptian-Syrian high command in Cairo.

Rude Awakening

Is Nasser's appraisal of Europe's need for Middle East oil correct? If it is, can it become a weapon in his hands against which Europe has no defense? This is the essential question for the West in the current Middle East crisis. Its answer hinges on the degree of *interdependence* between Middle East oil production and European oil consumption. This interdependence began only ten years ago, but has made rapid if unobtrusive progress. Europe was shocked to awaken one day to the fact that in the course of finding new and cheaper fuel sources it had become dazzled by the tremendous untapped wealth of the Middle East and in the process had largely overlooked the potential political implication of relying on one single foreign source for some eighty per cent of its supply of oil.

Prior to the Second World War, oil played a very minor role in Europe, accounting for only eight per cent of its total energy needs. This was because of the overwhelming importance of coal, Europe's traditional indigenous fuel source, and also because of the small number of gasoline vehicles. However, since then a basic change has taken place in the area's fuel economy. For technical, economic, and geological reasons, local coal production from Wales to the Ruhr is still slightly below its prewar level of output,

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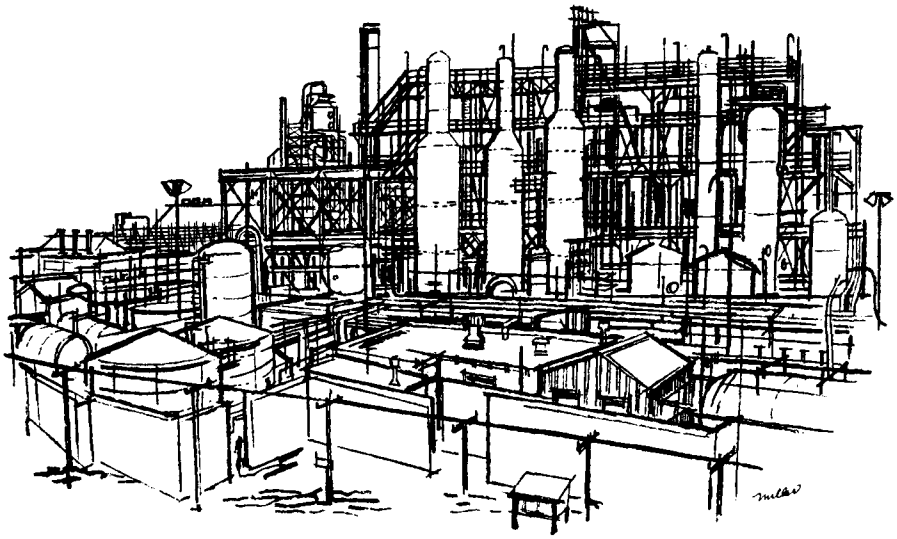
while fuel demand is up by some thirty-five per cent. Most of the gap had to be filled by oil, which must not only replace coal but must also supply the vastly increased number of motor vehicles now that this means of transportation is no longer beyond the reach of all but the very rich. Thus, oil accounts today for about twenty per cent of the area's total energy requirements and is expected to rise to nearly forty per cent by 1975, when atomic energy is predicted to be available in moderately significant quantities. In short, for the next twenty years Europe's economy will come to depend more and more on oil.

Where is all this oil to come from? The United States, though by far the world's largest oil producer, must import about one-sixth of its own requirements, mainly from Venezuela, and, to a much smaller extent, from Canada and the Middle East. We do have enough reserve capacity to be of some help to Europe in emergencies such as the present one, and it would be politically wise to increase this spare capacity. On the whole, however, Europe's oil needs are now much too big to be met by us. Venezuela, the world's second largest producer, has no spare capacity right now. It does normally ship some oil to Europe, but the bulk of its output is consumed in North and Latin America, thus making the Western Hemisphere roughly self-sufficient in oil.

In the Eastern Hemisphere there are only two major oil production centers outside the Middle East: Indonesia-Borneo and the Soviet Union. The production in the first area is not enough to supply all the needs of the Far East. The Soviet Union is slightly more than self-sufficient in oil, but though it sells small quantities to the non-Communist world, the bulk of its modest oil exports must go to the satellite countries. This leaves only the Middle East to fill Europe's rapidly rising oil needs. So, for better or worse, Europe's economic dependency on the Middle East is bound to grow sharply over the next twenty years.

The Other Side

But this is only one side of the coin. The other is that the Middle East is becoming more dependent on Europe. This richest oil region on earth has enough reserves below the ground to supply the entire world for the next two decades without running dry. But it has no other market outlet for the bulk of its rapidly growing output. All its other customers of the Middle East account for no more than a third of its total oil exports. This situation is not likely to change, since most other areas of the world are either self-sufficient in oil or consume only small quantities.



Under the fifty-fifty profit-sharing agreements with the oil companies, the Middle East now receives more than $1 billion a year in royalties plus another couple of hundred million dollars in wages and other local expenditures. Whether this money is utilized for economic development projects as in Iraq or for the personal and political maintenance of the ruling clique as in Saudi Arabia, it represents the only important source of income in every one of the area's six oil countries. Without oil the Middle East would be one of the poorest areas on earth. Because of it it has a higher per capita influx of foreign capital than any other region in Asia or Africa.

The current crisis has shown how aware the Middle Eastern oil countries are of this. In spite of pressure from Cairo, cajolery from Moscow, and a strong wave of internal xenophobic nationalism, not one of them has stopped its oil shipments to the West. Saudi Arabia did declare a temporary embargo on shipments to Britain and France, but this was hardly more than a gesture, since the inter-European oil pool that was set up to cope with the emergency treats the whole continent as one unit.

ALL THE threats and acts to stop the oil flow to the West come exclusively from the oil *transit* countries. These have only a small economic stake in the area's oil wealth —Syria derives only one-sixth of its foreign exchange from pipeline operations—but their geographic locations have put them into a position where they can inflict tremendous losses on both producers and consumers. They are causing the producing countries to lose more than a million dollars a day in oil royalties, which all of them clearly resent, in spite of "Arab solidarity."

The worst hurt country is Iraq, which normally ships three-quarters of its oil through the two destroyed pipelines whose complete repair may take up to a year (though a partial restoration could be achieved in a fraction of that time). But the others are hurt too. They are also aware that the present situation is forcing Europe to speed up its atomic-energy program and pay more attention to the production of synthetic oil from the world's vast untapped deposits of shale and lignite, and that it is causing western oil companies to reduce their planned investments in the Middle East.

Evidences of all these developments can already be seen. If no action is taken, they could well cause a sharp reduction in the scheduled quintupling of Middle East oil

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production and royalty payments over the next two decades.

One way of coping with this situation might be to spread the royalty payments over the entire Middle East so that all countries have an equal stake in the benefits of maximum oil production. Harold Macmillan, the new British Prime Minister, had such a plan in mind when he said in a recent policy speech that the Middle East "is an area of great potential wealth but has been handicapped by the unequal distribution of this wealth as between producing countries, transit countries, and the countries which have not benefited at all from these wonderful discoveries."

Such a redistribution of the region's income would certainly make sense both economically and politically. Unfortunately, the oil countries themselves have not given the slightest indication that they intend to share their bounty with their neighbors. Furthermore, nationalism and anti-western sentiments have reached such a frenzied pitch in the oil-transit countries, all of which—in contrast to the oil-producing countries—border directly on Israel, that economic considerations are unlikely to carry much weight for the time being.

New Pipelines?

The only alternative, then, may be to *by-pass* the present transit countries. There are no major political, technical, or economic obstacles to such a solution. In fact, some of the companies and countries involved have already quietly begun its implementation.

The major project of this kind currently under active consideration is a pipeline from Iraq to a Mediterranean port in Turkey. The Iraq Petroleum Company has already finished a detailed survey of this project and seems fully satisfied with its feasibility. The line would be shorter than several existing lines in the area and the political risk would be relatively moderate since Turkey, one of the staunchest pro-western countries in the area, is a member of both NATO and the Baghdad Pact and also belongs to the OEEC and the European Payments Union. At present, its industrialization is seriously hampered by lack of fuel. The pipeline would therefore be of great local importance, since of course Turkey could draw its oil needs from it. The total cost of the project is estimated at $250 million and the actual construction period at about eighteen months. The pipeline would not mean a shutdown of the existing pipelines through Syria and Lebanon but rather a sixty per cent increase in Iraq's total oil output, with all the additional quantity—about 400,000 barrels a day—flowing through Turkey. There is another project, still vague, to link the Iraq-Turkey pipeline with feeder lines from Kuwait and Iran. This would create a gigantic network about 1,200 miles long and would greatly decrease the dependence of both Kuwait and Iran on the Suez Canal.

Another much shorter and cheaper pipeline might be built across Israel. Since Israel is the only country other than Egypt that borders on both the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, a large pipeline from Elath on the Gulf of Aqaba to a Mediterranean port south of Haifa would greatly de-emphasize the importance of the Suez Canal. The project has been approved in principle by the Israeli government. The necessary funds are likely to be provided by the French government, which has expressed keen interest in such a by-pass. The pipeline would be supplied by tankers shuttling between the Persian Gulf and Elath. At Elath the oil would be pumped into the pipeline to be picked up by other tankers at its Mediterranean end. The only political obstacle, the certain refusal of the Arab League oil countries to let their oil go to Israel, could be overcome by dealing with Iran, which has officially recognized Israel and has in the past sold oil to it. The British-protected sheikdoms are also unlikely to object to such a shipping route.

The *Economist*, one of Britain's most influential weeklies, has suggested that the pipeline be built on an international U.N.-administered strip of land along the *de facto* Israeli-Egyptian border from Elath to Gaza, thus creating a permanent physical borderline. The same idea was also contained in Dean Acheson's recent Congressional testimony. Of course, the whole project is based on the assumption that the Gulf of Aqaba will remain open to *all* shipping. Israel's confidence that this will be the case and also that it can procure Middle East oil is reflected in the fact that construction of a small pipeline to fill Israel's domestic oil needs has already begun.

Supertankers

Another effective alternative to the Suez Canal is supertankers. No tanker of 50,000 tons deadweight or more can go through the canal fully loaded. However, these big tankers can carry oil to Europe at a lower cost by filling up to capacity and taking the Cape of Good Hope route than any smaller ship using the canal. Although only two or three such tankers have so far been built, about forty-five of them are now undergoing or awaiting construction, and the rate of new orders has risen sharply since the canal blockade. A hundred tankers in this category would be sufficient to divert more than half the Suez Canal oil traffic around the Cape of Good Hope without any additional cost.

Once enough supertankers are afloat, Egypt's only chance of regaining its position as a major transit nation would be to attract the huge investments needed to deepen and widen the canal so that it can accommodate the big ships even when they are fully loaded. If such funds should fail to come forth, the canal would be permanently relegated to a minor waterway. All traffic other than oil amounts to less than a third of total canal shipments, and it has grown by only seventy per cent since the 1930's, compared to more than 500 per cent for oil traffic.

At present Egypt and Syria are dazzled by the evidence that they have a real strangle hold on the economy of Europe. They can be expected to make the most of it until western technology and capital has destroyed their geographic monopoly position and has re-established a true economic interdependence between the oil-producing and oil-consuming countries. The big question is whether we are moving rapidly enough to prevent Nasser from gaining control over the oil fields themselves in the meantime.

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The Two-Party System Comes to California

MARY ELLEN LEARY

CRACKPOT California, staging ground for crazy politics, is going conventional. The state which since 1913 has been boastfully nonpartisan is now shifting from a politics based on personalities to the politics of party.

This fundamental change may have been part of the reason why William F. Knowland suddenly announced his decision to leave the Senate and go home. Party is suddenly serious business in California, and Knowland's friends have urged that in planning his future he take it into full account. At the state capitol at Sacramento, it is not considered accidental that Knowland's announcement coincided with the opening of the state legislature. For the first time since 1889 the Democrats control the upper house, and they are within a few votes of controlling the lower. Every Republican in California is taking a long, careful look at the future of his party.

The political shift in California may be the most important new development in the entire West, otherwise so distracted by the frenzied phenomenon of growth, and the change is certain to have a profound effect on national politics before long. For one thing, the stability that will proceed from a strong party system will be quite a novelty in a state that has been notable for its erratic political course. California has been known for eccentricity and political adventuring instead of the influence and power its population or its economic weight would warrant. But all that may soon be changed now that California has finally accepted the party as a proper medium for political expression.

READING its election results beyond the Eisenhower-Stevenson column, the significant and strikingly new element in California last year was the resurgence of party fidelity among both Republicans and Democrats. This was the first genuinely partisan national election California has staged in more than a generation. Its most prominent leaders, from Hiram Johnson to Goodwin Knight, have been products and champions of California's peculiar kind of nonpartisanship.

But the change that has taken place involves more than election-eve demonstrations, more than the unprecedented "get-out-the-vote" drive that hit the precinct level under systematic Democratic and Republican planning for the first time.

Activities that are traditional in other states came to California for the first time last fall. Candidates

were frank to advertise their party; they accepted and even invited help from official party organizations. (What is even more amazing in California, they got it.) The major fund raising for Congressional candidates and for those in state legislative races was in party hands; no longer was it every candidate for himself, hustling his own ads, his own committees, his own publicity. Organized committees worked out of offices whose rent was paid for by the party. Campaign pamphlets were bought with party funds, written to attract votes for a whole party ticket. And in the apportionment of state party funds, a fixed sum went to each level of political activity.

What was most extraordinary, officeholders with little or no opposition pitched into the fight for the party ticket. For the first time this century, a Congressman, Representative Clair Engle, headed the Democratic state drive for the party's Presidential candidate. On the Republican side, Governor Knight did not, as Governor Warren usually did, limit himself to polite good wishes and protest the urgency of state affairs. Knight quit the state capitol, donned his best Chautauqua manner, and for six weeks toured the campaign circuit in the Republican cause. Even Senator Knowland showed up for street rallies.

Elementary? Yes, in most states. But for California it represents a totally new way of life.

'Dem' and 'Rep'

In just four years—from one Presidential election to the next—the climate of politics has been recast in California. Three little letters made all the difference: "Dem" and "Rep." This was the first such election in forty-three years in which candidates for office went onto the California primary ballots with their party specified. Republican candidates had previously been able to crossfile in Democratic primaries without identifying their true party affiliation, and vice versa. As a direct result of this small change in election laws, a philosophy of government by which California lived for four decades has been overturned.

In the past, sixty to eighty-six per cent of all California offices went uncontested or were taken easily in the primary. But in 1956, practically every office was won in real battle, right down to November's final count. A number of incumbents were defeated.

In most cases, the upsets benefited Democrats. California has been governed this past half century in a thoroughly Republican atmosphere, even though since 1934 the voters have been preponderantly Democratic. (The party has an edge of more than 900,000.) The party with a majority of the electorate also had an ignominious minority of elected officials. But now the door is unlatched.

"Democrats have become like little colonies of ants," marveled George Killion, head of the American President Lines and long a dominant figure in California politics. "Ants, they tell us, go industriously to work by instinct, each doing precise-

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ly what he should to help the colony. I never thought to see the parallel in California politics. But in the last campaign, that was how the Democrats behaved."

This is indeed an unusual phenomenon. In the past Democrats have always split violently into northern and southern factions, into conservative and radical, into the suspicious and the suspect. Their most vigorous efforts have been deflected to internecine war. Congressmen wouldn't trust the party organization. Legislators ran to lobbyists for campaign money. Los Angeles County warred against San Francisco County. If the north had pamphlets, it would not share them with the south.

The results were typified by the sort of victory Senator Knowland achieved only four years ago. Against a Democrat little known and less supported by his party, Knowland had finished the battle even before election day arrived. By crossfiling in both primaries, he won the Democratic as well as the Republican nomination in fifty-seven of the state's fifty-eight counties. In the same way Earl Warren won the governorship back in the 1946 primaries. It seems unlikely that this sort of thing will happen again.

Johnson's Legacy

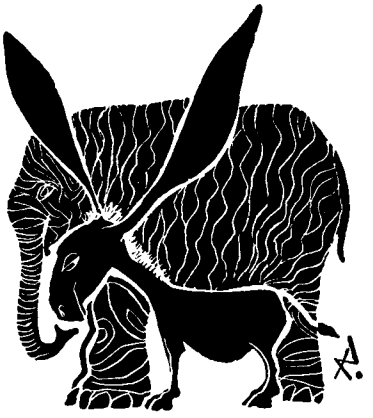
To understand the California election of 1956, we must look back to 1910, when the eloquent Hiram Johnson stumped the dusty back country of California in his red Locomobile, campaigning "to kick the Southern Pacific out of politics." But Johnson directed his ferocity as much at machine politics and party bossism as at the octopus industry that had entwined both Democratic and Republican organizations.

A Republican, Johnson outwitted the canny but corrupt Republican chieftains of his day by pouring out his invective not only on the party leaders but on the very concept of party government. He convinced Californians that the real evil was the "machine" that could be controlled by the "boys in the back room." The solution he advocated—to his own undeniable advantage—was personal government: direct choice by the people of the best man for the job, irrespective of party.

Johnson summoned his fellow Californians to a nobler pursuit, a higher ideal. The new political religion was "nonpartisanship." Through it Johnson promised to provide a vehicle for political activity that would be more efficient, more democratic, and more responsive to the people than party. And he did.

Nonpartisanship, in the brilliant years of Johnson's governorship, linked Democrat and Republican alike behind a reform government that Theodore Roosevelt said achieved more in a shorter time than any other burst of progressivism in history.

In succeeding years, the big deeds of California government have been wrought under the same rallying cry of nonpartisanship. It has been a workable way of life through forty years. The marks of progressive government that have given California most cause for pride—its regulation of utilities, its labor protection laws, its indefatigable surveillance of corporations, its successful routing of organized gangsterism, its liberal welfare laws—all these owe their origin and success to nonpartisan government. For the most part those years that witnessed efforts to restore strong party lines were stultifying years in state history.



Johnson-type politics, the politics of "the right man for the job" instead of collective party action, brought forward many liberal and effective leaders. It became a kind of sublimation of political life.

Championship of this ideal is still the prevailing popular approach among established politicians. It is still the creed of conscientious California voters over forty-five.

Only this winter, Governor Knight addressed the state Bar Association in a talk typically salted with slurs upon "blind allegiance to a single political party," "insensible party loyalty," and "blind fealty to one party." In California politics, "party" has been a dirty word for more than four decades.

And yet it cannot be denied that the strongest advocates of nonpartisanship have been those who used it to their personal advantage. Chiefly this has meant Republicans. Nonpartisanship was the device by which they made themselves palatable to the Democratic majority. It happens also that these same Republican champions of nonpartisanship could not afford to disregard their own campaign oratory after they got elected, and as a result the state has bred an exceptionally liberal, if wary, Republicanism.

This is not to say there was no courtship of nonpartisanship by the Democrats. Rare was the Democrat who did not crossfile in the Republican primaries, who did not mail out postcards claiming "Republican Committee for ———," omitting any mention that the candidate, in truth, was a Democrat and proud of it any time except election time. When James Roosevelt ran for governor in 1950 he deliberately likened himself, before a San Francisco audience, to the source of nonpartisanship, Hiram Johnson himself. It was a pretty far reach, but it was the same reach that served both parties.

Newspapers of the state are also champions of nonpartisanship. Much as they fought the progressive Johnson, the Republican press triumvirate of California (the Los Angeles *Times*, the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and later the Knowland-owned Oakland *Tribune*) realized the virtues of nonpartisanship as a G.O.P. front. They also saw that voters, lacking direction from party organization, paid particular heed to California newspaper endorsements. Nonpartisanship has magnified the political power of the California press enormously.

So ingrained is the nonpartisan approach to politics in California that even today's reversal cannot change the structure at all levels. California's judiciary was among the

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first to become nonpartisan and will certainly remain so despite the new trend. All school administration both local and state, is nonpartisan and seems bound to stay that way. All local government is nonpartisan. In spite of the yearnings of some party leaders to make local government a training camp for their novices, nonpartisan government has netted California such uniformly high standards of performance in municipal and county levels that it is hard to find support for partisanship at this point.

This would seem to set a limit on the future growth of party politics in California since it takes a large amount of patronage out of politics. The removal of all local appointments from party influence, together with the rigid civil-service rules that lock state jobs inside an almost ironclad merit system, means there are practically no jobs with which to reward the faithful. Campaign workers must function for love of party alone. The partisanship that is growing up in such a climate is inevitably a less parasitic plant than some other states have nurtured.

The Culprit: Crossfiling

But California never did accept the entire concept of nonpartisanship as Johnson originally envisaged it. A law he got passed in 1915 banning parties entirely—except, of course, for Congressional candidates, Presidential electors, and national convention delegates—was subjected to referendum by resentful Republicans and defeated. What survived was crossfiling.

It may seem an absurd oversimplification to charge crossfiling, a mere technicality in the election laws, with responsibility for the quixotic, the unconventional, and the incomprehensible in California politics. But that is the answer upon which most students of state government insist. Crossfiling is the culprit.

Crossfiling permitted a candidate to be all things to all people. A Republican voter could request and get a Republican primary ballot, all right. But in the green-curtained voting booth he had no way of telling which candidates on that ballot were Republicans and which were Democrats.

The only identification that appeared on the ballot was incumbency. That label was proudly worn on both party tickets. It is hardly surprising that for forty years, the California incumbent has had an almost unbeatable edge. It got so that death was the only defeat an office holder need worry about.

Under such conditions, party affiliation was practically useless. What good was an organization? Personal politics paid off. A party couldn't tag its men, couldn't weed out the unreliable, the undisciplined. It couldn't even keep its own registered voters faithful to its own candidates. No newcomer politician dared challenge an incumbent. The con-

servative Republican put on the trappings of a labor advocate in half his campaign literature and discreetly appealed to the merchants' association in the other half. The victory went to the best-camouflaged candidate—and he was usually a Republican.

The technique by which the Republicans held control of California was simple enough. They saw that the best way to beat nonpartisanship was with unofficial partisanship. After Hoover's defeat in 1932, a group of young Republicans (including Earl Warren, then district attorney) who wanted to reassert the liberal Republican pattern in California organized the Republican Assembly. This was a completely unofficial "club," a nominating group with no legal position. But it has developed plenty of influence. It is the agency that has given Republicanism direction in California, designated the "right" G.O.P. candidate for each important office, and forestalled rivalry among Republicans at the primary polls. It was the smart way to keep ahead of the more fractious Democrats, and it paid off. Through the Democratic decades, Republicans stayed in office in California.

The Democrats finally wised up to the same technique. The first thing they needed was a unifying spirit, something even Franklin Roosevelt had not been able to supply for the rambunctious Democrats of California. Adlai Stevenson finally did the job. Though he went down to defeat in 1952, his supporters gave California the rudiments of a new party strength.

'The Clubs'

During the 1952 campaign Stevenson "clubs" sprang up as havens for the amateur enthusiasts outside the formal party, which Kefauver had captured. By election day, there were some fifty such clubs, varying in organizational strength. Even after Stevenson's defeat, there was a drive to multiply and strengthen the clubs under the chairmanship of a man who was also a newcomer to California politics, Alan Cranston. A political "natural," he had quit the national presidency of the World Federalist movement to work for Stevenson in his home state. Under his direction, the "clubs" matured into a state-wide council of some five hundred separate organizations. They had a total of some forty thousand dues-paying members whose median age was about thirty-seven and whose fresh political enthusiasm responded well to the discipline of group co-operation. Remarkably enough, the state party leadership has co-operated during the past four years in developing the movement, so it has never been a rebel, runaway, or divisive force. The clubs stayed with the team. They became sufficiently significant to make their convention the starting point for Stevenson's whole 1956 campaign.

But the Democratic efforts could not alone have brought the big change that is to be seen in California politics. The idealism of Johnson, embodied in nonpartisan government, bred, in time, evils of its own. That which Johnson most abhorred, bossism, found its way back.

Government of "the right man for the job" irrespective of party gave California satisfactory, even exceptional, men in top offices such as governor or attorney general. But it often made a mockery of any program those men advanced. For in

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the lesser offices and particularly in the state legislature, the absence of party left a vacuum of responsibility into which special interests could move. After all, somebody had to pay a man's campaign bills. If the party didn't, then liquor or oil or utilities or commercial fishermen or lumbermen . . . well, often, somebody did. And the shrewdest for years was liquor.

Within a generation after Johnson the California legislature's subservience to the special interests had become a state-wide and finally a national scandal.

But this was not the only evil consequence of nonpartisanship. Even more far-reaching was the vacuum in which the voting public was left. With no outlet for political expression through party, exuberant Californians had to turn elsewhere for hero worship and dedication to a cause. Fads, cults, and assorted isms sprang up, the notorious quackeries of southern California: Townsendism, Technocracy, Aimee Semple McPherson, and recently that diamond-studded leader of the pensioners, George McLain. Of course these California phenomena cannot be wholly charged to nonpartisanship. They grew up naturally under the Los Angeles palms, in the rootless society of that exotic dream haven. But it is clear that the absence of party politics throughout the depression decade left men in economic stress with no other place to turn for political expression.

The Ladies Get to Work

After the war, a new pressure appeared: the frustration of young men and women, both Republican and Democratic, seeking to find a place for themselves in California politics. There was no avenue for the novice, no open party organization. Incumbents held the jobs, "old pros" held the controls. In such circumstances, it is understandable that political decisions were frequently made by the businessmen of a community banding together on a nonpartisan basis to search for candidates, as they did in Whittier in the quest that sent young Richard Nixon to Congress. This was only a demonstration of the desire for political expression seeking some way to act in the absence of parties.

Interestingly enough, it was a nonpartisan drive that ended nonpartisanship. In 1950 the League of Women Voters began to denounce the "irresponsibility" of nonpartisan government. They were very sensitive to the control lobbyists held in the legislature. They understood the inability of voters to express themselves where there was no organization. They lectured, as ladies will, and they found an angel: Los Angeles oilman John B. Elliott, a former campaign manager for two of the three Democratic Senators from California elected this century, who put up the funds for a state-wide initiative drive.

The ladies began by bringing the measure first before the legislature. No self-respecting incumbent could approve an end to crossfiling. It was an invitation to opposition some had successfully evaded all their political lives. The lawmakers worked out a compromise: It was that candidates still be allowed to crossfile but that three letters of party identification appear next to their names on the primary ballots.

Instead of doing away with crossfiling entirely, the voters approved the compromise. But no politician anticipated the dynamite in those three identifying letters. It was 1952 when the voters approved this technical change in California's election law. The 1954 election was the first to test it, and by 1956 it was clear that the "label" has brought back party politics to California:

¶ In 1950 half the Congressional seats were virtually uncontested. They were taken in the primary like a breeze. In 1956, only three out of thirty Congressional candidates were unchallenged.

¶ In the state senate in 1950, out of twenty contests only five men had to make any fight at all. State senators are the real hardy perennials, usually not even threatened. But in 1956 more than half found themselves in bitter contests.

¶ In the assembly, where all eighty seats are up for election each two years, there were only twenty-one real contests in 1950; the others were shoo-ins. But in 1956 seventy assemblymen confronted hard-fighting opposition candidates, and in the finals a number of long-entrenched officeholders, including the speaker pro tem, a thirty-six year veteran, were unseated.

Some of the victories and upsets were Republican gains, but the net result has been a pronounced Democratic gain.

Democrats don't control the state yet, by a far cry. But they are on the march, capitalizing on the advantage the "labels" provide in making it possible for voters to identify candidates of their own party. Last fall the Democrats picked up two Congressional seats, two state senate seats (gaining unprecedented control of that house), and three assembly seats, where they stand now thirty-eight to the G.O.P.'s forty-two.

Their fresh, if immature, efforts at organization, their new clubs, and their cohesive spirit all helped. But the critical factor in this political change has certainly been the party label. For the first time since they gained the majority of California's registration in 1934, the Democrats have found the means to use that majority effectively.

The change has produced a new vitality in both parties. Those with faith in "modern Republicanism" are convinced they can muster an appeal to rival the Democrats. Most of their candidates in recent years have been genuine champions of "good government," and they mean to keep this advantage. Many Republicans are convinced that Bill Knowland can give them the leadership they need to overcome the Democratic majority.

Within the state both party organizations are casting a wary eye on 1960. Each hopes to control the legislature by then, in order to take charge of the reapportionment of the state's political boundaries after the census. At its present rate of growth, California is likely to add a half-dozen more Congressional districts. The restoration of vitality to party politics in California is by no means a matter of local interest only.

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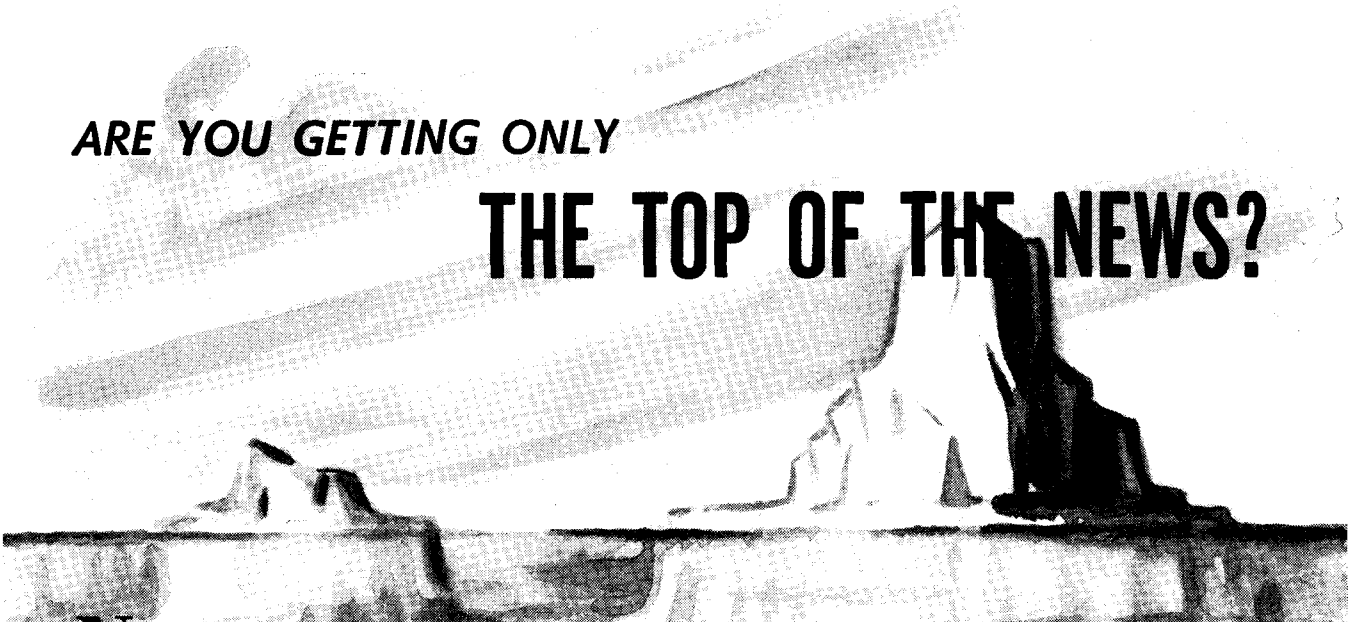

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The Miserly Millionaire of Words

MALCOLM COWLEY

THOMAS WOLFE was a man obsessed by the act of writing. He wanted to make a complete written record of every experience he remembered, and there was never time enough for that; time was the enemy. With time at his shoulder he wrote "like a madman," "like a fiend," and "as if pursued by devils"—or so he kept saying in the letters recently collected in a last big Wolfean volume put out by Scribner's. He was trying to produce a volcanic mountain of words as high as Parnassus. "It may be before I am done," he wrote Mrs. Margaret Roberts, who had been his English teacher in Asheville, "that I shall say something important—that in the mad rush to get it down, something of high worth may come out."

Meanwhile he kept quoting production figures, like the manager of a busy mine from which words were being drilled and blasted like lumps of anthracite. Thus he reported in 1926: ". . . I am writing about 3,000 words a day, which I hope to increase to 4,000. The novel will be Dickensian or Meredithian in length, but the work of cutting—which of course means adding an additional 50,000 words—must come later." In 1933: "I have written over a million words in manuscript the past four years, which makes a box five feet long by two and one-half feet wide piled to the top." In 1934: "I have written 75,000 words or more in the past three weeks, which ought to be some sort of record."

Of course it was by no means a record of mere wordage. Upton Sinclair, when he was a young man employed to write half-dime novels, used to produce thirty thousand words every week with the help of two secretaries—a morning secretary who typed in the afternoon, and an afternoon secretary who typed the next morning. A few years ago a radio tycoon emitted—one can hardly say wrote—a hundred thousand words in a single week with the help of a dictating machine, but these were the rather limp words of three soap operas. Wolfe, on the other hand, was working at high tension in the effort to preserve his inmost feelings. The seventy-five thousand words that he claimed to have written in three weeks of June, 1934—by actual count there were less than one-half as many—were the story of his father's death that appeared in *Of Time and the River,* and they were among the best words of his brief career. To produce them in three weeks, or in twice that time, might still be regarded as some sort of record.

In July of the same year he told a friend: "The sheer physical labor has been enormous. I can't use the typewriter, and have to write every word with my hand, and during the last four years, as I estimate it, I have written about two million words." Wolfe's reports of production were always on the hopeful side. Another estimated two million words—in a packing case that he turned over to his last editor, Edward C. Aswell of Harper, before setting out on a trip to the West—were actually a little more than one million. The thirty thousand words of notes that he claimed to have made on the trip were 11,400 when counted. These errors in themselves revealed his rage for production at any cost, including that of accuracy.

A Voracious Hunger

What was behind the rage? In different cases the will to write may be explained as the result of different emotional needs (beyond the simple wish to be rich and famous that writers share with people in other professions). There are some writers who aim primarily to instruct or persuade or dominate; they want to be shepherds of the public. Often they excel in rhetoric, the art of persuasion. Other writers are obsessed with the idea of creating perfect objects that will outlast their creators; such men are the makers or builders, the masters of form, and sometimes the journeymen carpenters.

Wolfe may have had both these purposes together with the desire for fame, but they were subordinated in him to a primary need for pouring out the contents of his mind. The special gift he had was for self-expression, not for persuasion or construction. He thought of himself not as a shepherd or prophet, not as a craftsman producing artifacts, but rather as an active force of nature: a mountain torrent, a geyser, or a volcano in almost constant eruption. His last post card to his friend Hamilton Basso was mailed from Yellowstone Park; it was a picture of Old Faithful geyser, with the note: "Portrait of the author at the two million word point."

HE WANTED to pour out everything he remembered in one torrential flood, but he also wanted to increase his reservoir of memories by going everywhere and doing everything. He wanted to absorb the whole world into his mind; Wolfe himself might have said that he wanted to *devour* the world with everything it contained—persons, books, landscapes, joys, sorrows—and then digest it into written words. The "world is a large, large oyster," he wrote to Professor George Pierce Baker of Harvard "—but I do not think I will choke when I swallow it."

His letters are full of these alimentary images. Writing to Margaret Roberts about his voracious hunger for books, "I suppose I make a mistake," he said, "in trying to eat all the plums at once . . ." Later he told her that the desire to write had become "almost a crude animal appetite." He made similar remarks to other correspondents: "I am devouring the German language in gluttonous gobs . . . I had indigestion from seeing and trying to take in too

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much. . . . If you ever hear the sad news of my sudden and tragic extinction, which God forbid you won't, I want you to remember that I was not a man who starved to death but a man who died of gluttony, choking to death on an abundance of food, which surpassed everything but his hunger."

The hunger was actual as well as figurative; in Wolfe's last year he used to dine on two large steaks every evening. Yet one suspects that his talk of swallowing the world partly served to conceal an instinct that lay deeper in him, setting him apart from other writers of his period and from all but a few writers of any period: an instinct for acquiring property. When he imprinted an experience on his mind, it was rescued from time the destroyer and became his lasting possession. When he transformed it into words on paper, it became a tangible possession, almost like family silver; or it might better be compared to warranty deeds and bills of sale that testified to his ownership of so many persons, so many places, so many emotions—an imperial domain that he possessed in secret and without a rival.

Hoarded Treasure

No wonder he made a point of saving everything he wrote. As each episode was completed, it would be tied in a bundle like stock certificates and dropped into the big packing case that served as his safe-deposit vault. Only the unpublished manuscripts went into the case; the others had become public property, so to speak, and Wolfe gladly sold them to collectors for what they would bring. Eventually there were three of the big pine boxes, all standing in the center of his parlor at the Hotel Chelsea, in Manhattan. In addition to manuscripts they contained unmailed letters, receipted bills, cooking pots, old shoes and hats, and an electric iron that somebody had given him. Wolfe hated to buy things for himself, but when he acquired them by gift or accident he couldn't bear to throw them away.

His mother was like that too. He said in *Look Homeward, Angel* that her room "was festooned with a pendent wilderness of cord and string; stacks of old newspapers and magazines were piled in the corners; and every shelf was loaded with gummed, labeled, half-filled medicine bottles." With money saved from her boarding house, the Old Kentucky Home, Mrs. Wolfe bought real estate first in Asheville, then in Florida during the boom. She lost her little fortune because, though she loved to buy, she waited too long to sell; what she enjoyed was the sense of possessing a great deal of property. Her youngest son took after her in an unexpected fashion. His money "melted away like snow," as he kept complaining; it dripped through his fingers for grand meals, for wine and tips and taxicabs (seldom for clothes and almost never for furniture), but still he had his precious hoard in the packing cases; he was a miserly millionaire of words.

"You can say that I have come through the great depression," he

Thomas Wolfe

wrote to Kyle Crichton of *Scribner's* magazine, "with over a million words of manuscript and a large, hard wart on my second finger, as my tangible accumulations . . ." To his brother Fred he wrote, before setting out on his last trip to Asheville in the summer of 1937: "My main concern is, of course, my manuscript. There is an immense amount of it, millions of words, and although it might not be of any use to anyone else, it is, so far as I am concerned, the most valuable thing I have got. My life is in it—years and years of work and sweating blood—and the material of about three unpublished books." He was eager to have the books published; that was his normal desire for fame and influence over the minds of others. But he was also afraid to have them published, because that would rob him of his accumulated hoard. It would expose the hoard to critical strangers, some of whom would be certain to say that it wasn't gold at all, but brass, while others (like Bernard DeVoto) would claim that it hadn't been honestly earned, but was all owed to the help of "Maxwell Perkins and the assembly line at Scribner's."

The Treasure Raided

Wolfe's sense of loss and his fear of criticism were both stronger than his desire for fame, with the result that the publication of each novel drove him into a fit of black despair. After *Look Homeward, Angel* appeared in England, he wrote from Europe to John Hall Wheelock of Scribner's: "There is no life in this world worth living, there is no air worth breathing, there is nothing but agony and the drawing of the breath in nausea and labor, until I get the best of this tumult and sickness inside me." He said to Max Perkins in a letter of the same day, "I shall not write any more books. . . ."

After *Of Time and the River* was published in 1935, he again went to Europe and was out of his mind for several days. "In Paris I couldn't sleep at all," he wrote to Perkins. "I walked the streets from night to morning and was in the worst shape I have ever been in my life. All the pent-up strain and tension of the last few months seemed to explode and I will confess to *you* that there were times there when I really was horribly afraid I was going mad—all the unity and control of personality seemed to have escaped from me—it was as if I were on the back of some immense rackety engine which was running wild and over which I had no more control than a fly."

In the same letter to Perkins, he tried to rationalize his feeling of regret that *Of Time and the River* had been published. "The great length of the book will be criticized," he said, "but the real, the tragic truth is

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that the book is not too long, but too short. I am not talking of page-length, word-length, or anything like that—as I told you many times, I did not care whether the final length of the book was 300, 500, or 1000 pages, so long as I had realized completely and finally my full intention—and that was not realized. I still sweat with anguish—with a sense of irremediable loss—at the thought of what another six months would have done to that book—how much more whole and perfect it would have been."

It was Perkins, a truly great editor, who had told him the first draft of the novel was finished, in December, 1933; it was Perkins who had worked with him on the manuscript every night for the better part of a year; and it was Perkins who had taken it out of his hands, chapter by chapter, and sent it to the printer. Wolfe would have worked at it another six months, and another, and another. Partly the letter asserts the desire for perfection of any artist who loves his work, but partly it reveals another feeling, almost like that of a landowner when the mortgage has been foreclosed and he is turned away from his own door. The "irremediable loss" Wolfe had suffered was that of his dearest possession, his hoarded millions of words. «»

The Detroit Symphony Finds A New Way to Pay Old Debts

BERNARD ASBELL

A FINE NEW symphony orchestra was born in Detroit in 1951, only two years after the death of an old one. The story of this death and this birth is tied up with the past and perhaps the future of symphonic performance in America.

Most orchestras have to be subsidized, and it has usually been done by wealthy individuals. Back in 1943, a wealthy and willing patron took upon himself the financial support of the Detroit Symphony. Henry H. Reichhold, a Berlin-born amateur violinist who had earned a fortune in industrial chemicals, agreed to pay the fiddlers—and proceeded to call the tune.

He installed Karl Krueger, formerly of Kansas City, as his conductor. He augmented the symphony—"my symphony," as he justifiably came to call it—to 110 men, and on the coast-to-coast Sunday Evening Hour, flamboyantly advertised "the world's *largest orchestra.*"

But Reichhold's hobby—for that's what the orchestra was—never became the gratifying diversion he had wished it to be. He fought almost constantly with his musicians, their union, his board of directors, the newspaper critics, and, most troubling of all, the public. The more money he poured into "the world's largest orchestra," the more these irritations piled up. Since he was paying the bills, he saw no reason to conceal his indignation. When the critics fired barbs at Krueger's conducting, Reichhold let them have it: "Perhaps the American public hasn't learned to appreciate the German school of which Krueger is a disciple. I like that kind of way of playing music, and it's the kind of music Detroit is going to get. Anybody in the orchestra who doesn't like it can get out and the public can do whatever it likes."

But on September 10, 1949, Krueger quit with a blast at the "myopic minds in Detroit." The next day, Reichhold resigned as president of the symphony. Two days later, the board of directors, at the sudden loss of both its baton and its purse, voted unanimously to go out of business. Thus Detroit became the largest city in America without a symphony orchestra.

Up from Harlotry

The pattern for the privately "kept" orchestra preceded Reichhold. It was first established by Henry Lee Higginson, a Boston banker who founded the Boston Symphony in 1881 and kept it until 1919. Following his example, Edward Bok, who made his money in publishing, expended a good deal of it to support the Philadelphia Orchestra. H. H. Flagler, an oil man, backed the old New York Symphony. Chicago had Charles Norman Fay and others; Los Angeles, W. A. Clark; Minneapolis, E. L. Carpenter; Cincinnati, the Charles Phelps Tafts; St. Louis, Robert S. Brookings. And in Detroit, before Reichhold, there were the Murphy and Dodge families.

But even Karl Krueger, the chief beneficiary of Reichhold's patronage, grew restive under a system whereby the stabling of orchestras was the sport of the wealthy.

"I believe," he once wrote, "that we may confidently look to the day when one of these patrons will find the magic formula which will finally release music from the quasi-harlotry which has dogged its steps from the start."

Finding that magic formula became urgent during and after the Second World War. For one thing, heavy income taxes took much of the private wealth that had been keeping the orchestras. Big contributions became alarmingly scarce.

Moreover, orchestral costs began to rise ominously. The New York Philharmonic-Symphony, which six years ago budgeted $750,000, now spends twice that amount. The Chicago Symphony in the same period saw its costs go up from $657,000 to $831,000. Income from endowments, like widows' pensions, won't stretch to keep up with runaway prices.

Yet the symphony box office has been thriving during this period. Thomas D. Perry, Jr., manager of the Boston Symphony, explains the dilemma: "To mount a Boston Symphony concert costs $8,500. Selling one out ordinarily brings in $7,100. We give 220 concerts a year; figure it out. What confuses people is that we're a 'hit show' and thus they think we should make money. But we can't raise prices and still serve our whole public. Harvard has a full enrollment, and no one criticizes Harvard for not showing a profit."

To help replace the disappearing breed of big patrons, managers have turned to women's committees to

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bring in some money from smaller contributions. In the big cities they stage fashion shows. In the smaller ones, they employ whatever gimmicks are handy. The Beaumont, Texas, committee raises $2,000 by charging women for the privilege of inspecting other women's kitchens. In Sioux City, an ice-skating spectacle brings in $5,000. In Buffalo the women sell chocolates, and in Abilene they swallow their pride and sell tickets for the profitable baseball team to subsidize tickets for the unprofitable orchestra.

But since the deficit for a major orchestra can run up to several hundred thousand dollars a year, women's committees do not provide the final answer.

The Right Ford

When the old Detroit Symphony died in 1949, only its women's committee kept going. By 1951, the silence had begun to stir music devotees and began to embarrass some boosters of the city of motors-but-no-music. In the spring of 1951 the women called upon Jerome H. Remick, Jr., a music enthusiast active in raising big money for big-scale civic projects. He also had the advantage of belonging to one of Detroit's socially prominent families. The women told Remick that they had raised some money during the two silent years and they believed they could raise a lot more if the right leader were to launch a campaign for a new orchestra. Remick decided that his old friend, John B. Ford, would be the right leader for the campaign.

John B. is not one of the automobile Fords; he is chairman of the board of the Wyandotte Chemicals Corporation. This important fact surely figured in Remick's decision. For the chemicals Fords (of French descent) are an "old family," which is to say they were established in Detroit before Henry Ford (English-Irish) came there and began the mass production of motor cars. In Detroit society, old families—the Murphys, Algers, Barbers, Newberrys, Joys, and Briggses, as well as the chemicals Fords—stand a step or two above the automobile families, who may be wealthier but are still frequently regarded as newcomers. When a Detroiter first mentions John B. Ford

to an outsider, he usually interrupts his sentence to clarify the special grade of Ford he has in mind.

FORD is a round-faced bald man who moves and talks quickly but deliberately. He told Remick he wanted a couple of days to think over the proposition.

The next day Ford dropped by to see Charles T. Fisher, Jr., of the Fisher Body Fishers and president of the National Bank of Detroit. To his friend "Chic" Fisher, Ford sketched out an unusual plan for financing a symphony.

Fisher, who makes no claim to being a music enthusiast, says he told Ford: "Sounds pretty good to me, John, but I'm not a good guinea pig. A bank, after all, is a kind of semi-public institution." Fisher named two other corporations, neither of them auto manufacturers, and told Ford, "If they'll go, you can probably make it work." The next day Ford called Fisher back to tell him the others would go, and Fisher said O.K., the bank would go too.

The next man Ford consulted was Eduard Werner, who for twenty-two years had wielded the baton in the pit of Detroit's Capitol Theatre and was now president of the Detroit Federation of Musicians.

"We want to build a symphony again," Ford told Werner, "but only on terms agreeable in advance to you and your members. We want no more battles. We want music. What terms do you want?"

Werner was ready with a proposal: a minimum of ninety men at one hundred dollars a week for twenty-one weeks. "No, correction," he added. "Twenty-two weeks. Reichhold had twenty-one. Let's have twenty-two."

The union official has confessed that he was more than a little surprised when Ford agreed on the spot. Then Ford unfolded his plan to Werner: "Many people in this city have shown they want an orchestra, but we know there are no longer any individuals who can come up with the large sums for the kind of orchestra that you and I would want. If we're to have it, we have to go to the large corporations to put up the money—and I now have reason to believe they will. We have to ask each of these corporations for $10,000—not a penny more, not a penny less—and ask them to pledge this amount for each of three years. Each of these sponsors must have a voice on a policy and finance committee, no voice louder than any other. We'll have a board of directors, representing not only the sponsors but elements of the entire community, small businessmen, the labor unions, the various racial and national groups, the other cultural organizations. This new orchestra must be everybody's orchestra or it will crumble again. We must allow one exception, and only one, to our $10,000 limit. The City of Detroit should be asked for $50,000 a year, but in return we will sell them a service—concerts in the schools and free outdoor concerts in the summer. How does this plan appeal to you?"

Werner was impressed, perhaps as much by the implications of the word "we" as by the plan itself. The union official pledged his co-operation.

Ford pressed on: "Mr. Werner, I think the plan will work if the Musicians Union is the first to become a $10,000 sponsor."

There was a pause. "I'm not sure it's legal. I mean our union constitution . . ."

"Yes, but your Music Performance Trust Fund . . ."

After pointing out to his colleagues in the union how an expenditure of $10,000 could bring in more than $200,000 in wages, Werner was able to deliver the union's signed pledge to Ford that same afternoon.

The Money Rolls In

At the end of twelve days, Ford and Remick had other pledges of $10,000 from each of the following: Bundy

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Tubing, Chrysler, Cunningham Drug Stores, Detroit Edison, Ford Foundation, the Ford Motor Company, General Motors, Great Lakes Steel, the J. L. Hudson department store, the McGregor Fund, Michigan Consolidated Gas, the National Bank of Detroit, Packard, Pfeiffer Brewing, Sam's Inc. (a department store), Stroh Brewery, the Women's Association for the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Wyandotte Chemicals, and Parke, Davis. The city voted $25,000 and another $25,000 was expected later. The Women's Association pledged an additional $100,000 a year from a public fund drive. In less than two weeks $250,000 had been raised (not counting the women's drive) without so much as a brochure.

Before the season opened, a number of other $10,000 sponsors joined in: Briggs Manufacturing, the Detroit *News*, Fruehauf Trailer, S. S. Kresge, the Kresge Foundation, and the Manufacturers National Bank. For less than $10,000, other companies bought status as "associate sponsors" and "sustaining sponsors." In all, $389,000 was raised, with pledges of the same for two more years.

Where Ford found resistance, he employed the pledge from Werner as a prod. "Here is a labor union giving $10,000. Are you going to do less?" That was almost always surefire. But the main factor seemed to be the socially admired, commercially respected man who did the asking. It is said that Henry Ford II replied immediately to John B. Ford, "Sounds fine, John. Why don't you put us down for a hundred thousand?" But Chemicals John B. emphasized to Motor Car Henry II that he wanted ten, not a penny more.

It is also said that an official of the Ford Foundation laughed when he handed over the check. "You've upset our bookkeeping. We could give you a million more easily than ten thousand. We had to dig into our petty cash."

Word about the new orchestral solvency in Detroit spread rapidly throughout the music world. Only a third of the former employees, personnel manager Raymond Hall estimates, had stayed in Detroit. But now the old men sent word that they'd like to come back and new applicants appeared on all sides.

THE PROJECT had now accumulated enough momentum to require a professional orchestra manager. This is a rare skill, and the few men who have it are firmly settled with established orchestras and are not to be easily lured away, except in the direction of even more established ones. A survey of the field led Ford to the name of Howard Harrington, manager of the Indianapolis Symphony. Ford called Harrington's home one afternoon and persuaded him to fly to Detroit the next morning to talk over the situation.

Ford opened the interview with the announcement that he had pledges for a million dollars to see an orchestra through three years. "It is now the middle of May. Is it possible to have our first concert in October?"

Yes, Harrington said after a long pause, it was.

Less than an hour later, Harrington was astonished to realize he had just been appointed manager of a nonexistent symphony orchestra. His problem, a unique one among orchestra managers, was that of going out to buy the best orchestra he could get rather than that of mustering up the dollars so that an old one might struggle through another year.

With personnel manager Hall and associate conductor Valter Poole, Harrington flew to New York to make an offer to Mischa Mischakoff, concertmaster to Toscanini in the NBC Orchestra. The appeal was simple: In the first place, everybody in the business knew the days of the NBC Symphony Orchestra were numbered; in the second place, the Detroit Plan, as Ford's financial arrangement had already come to be called, made possible the firm offer of a three-year contract; in the third place, the salary offered probably makes Mischakoff the highest-paid symphony player in the world. Mischakoff accepted, bringing Henri Nosco, his first-desk partner for ten years at NBC.

Paray to the Podium

Then Harrington arranged a first-season schedule of guest conductors: Paul Paray, permanent conductor of the Concerts Colonne in Paris, for the first five weeks; Jonel Perlea for six; Victor De Sabata for four; and Dimitri Mitropoulos, Bruno Walter, and Valter Poole for one each.

During the five weeks that Paray broke in the Detroit Symphony, he and the orchestra's management looked each other over carefully. The sixty-five-year-old maestro was thoroughly French—quick and intense. His manner on the podium was that of a man deeply involved but not showy.

"He was tailor-made for this city," Harrington says. "He is a classicist and an exciting romantic. He has never become too aroused about modern music. Detroiters are the same. This city has not heard so much music that it goes searching for new sounds. Beethoven, Brahms, the flashing French pieces, a little Wagner, these are what the city wanted and needed."

Before accepting the job as permanent conductor, which was soon offered, Paray stipulated only that he wanted more string players. The orchestra was forthwith increased from 92 to 102 men and Paray stepped into a conductor's dream.

Three years later, the night before the opening of the new symphony's fourth season and after the orchestra had passed its first major obstacle—the renewal of Ford's three-year plan—Paray said to a music critic, "Now the orchestra is formed. We were seeking before, but now we have found each other."

Pride of Ownership

What compels a city to challenge such complex organizational obstacles to form its own symphony? The answer seems to have little connection with music. Kurtz Myers, chief of the music and drama depart-

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ment at Detroit's public library, has observed that "A good orchestra seems to give the Detroiter a feeling of prestige in relation to people he visits in other places. The Detroiter is conscious that he's from the city of belt-line production and dirty fingernails—the city of the race riots but not of the arts. He feels culturally insecure and wants to be assured that Detroit is not in the backwoods."

Charles Brownell, a banker and the orchestra's treasurer, who says he doesn't bother to go to concerts often, expresses this motive more bluntly: "It's like a good automobile, I guess—pride of ownership."

An attorney, who raised $25,000 in sums of $100 or more from middle-sized businessmen, put it this way: "I have my children to think about. Frankly, my work for the symphony helps build a solid position for them in the community. And after all, it's just a matter of picking up the phone and knowing whom to call. Don't you think other businessmen like to see their names on a program with General Motors and John B. Ford?"

The owner of a machine shop who contributed $100 explained: "All my life I have worked with my hands and made a little success of it. Now the Detroit Symphony Orchestra comes to me to have my name on their program." And Fisher of the National Bank remarked candidly: "We came up with the money because John Ford said it was a good thing."

Walter Reuther, who sits on the orchestra's board, enjoys the opportunity it gives him to remind fellow board members that his union is just as permanent and just as respectable as the institutions they represent in the community. It is not entirely sure that they need reminding.

The late Cecil Smith, an author and music critic looking on Detroit from the outside, noted that: "Detroit's insistence on full representation for diverse social, religious, and racial groups reveals a realization of the fact that an orchestra today must be a democratic institution rather than the quasi-private possession of a privileged group."

Fund raisers for cultural ventures in other cities have been eying Detroit, hoping to find evidence that businessmen now believe culture is a good investment, listening for echoes of the St. Louis Symphony booster who once argued that the orchestra was a force in "helping to sell shoes" for the country's greatest shoe center. A less direct commercial incentive was pointed out by the Texas Power & Light Company when it gave $2,000 to the Dallas Symphony in 1955; the company explained that when it tries to attract power-consuming industries to Texas, one of the first questions asked is about the availability of culture and recreation for employees.

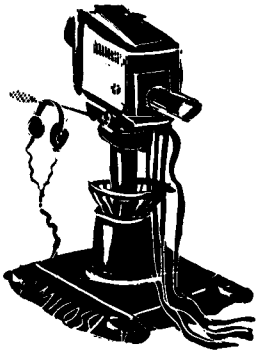
THROUGH this unanimous spirit of up-with-culture and arms-around-the-shoulder camaraderie between social classes and business competitors, occasionally a grumble slips through—pianissimo, to be sure. It usually concerns a detail which tends to be overlooked, in gazing at the wondrous new financial structure—the music. Even the most discriminating judge is impressed by the instrument Paray has shaped in five short years. And the connoisseur's pride is echoed by the less musical local booster who'd also like to see the Tigers. But the orchestra's repertoire, like Henry Ford's Model T, which stayed unchanged for years, seems to have been fixed in a sort of Model Three Bs. For the time being, at any rate, this appears to be what most of the townsfolk want to ride.

CHANNELS: A Dialer's Diary

MARYA MANNES

SUNDAY on television is a day of atonement. The industry apologizes for the week's sins and exposes its virtues. This is an account of a particularly good Sunday afternoon and evening not long ago, pithy and varied.

2:30 to 3:00 (EST), CBS: "The Last Word." First new panel program in a long time to make sense. Concerns English usage: People write in worrying about "Aren't I?" or "like a cigarette should." Bergen Evans moderates, and people like John Mason Brown and Ilka Chase have literate fun. Something a little slick and high-pressure about Evans's manner,



but the show has gaiety and wit and might do something to restore respect for the language.

3:00 to 3:30, CBS: "Face the Nation." As always, a revealing show, wisely moderated by the self-effacing Stuart Novins. This time Hugh Gaitskell, leader of Britain's Labour Party, was under the X ray. The plates showed a fluid, adroit man, whose cleverness may do more harm than good to his own party.

3:30 to 4:00, CBS: "World News Roundup." Third attempt by Columbia executives to give Eric Sevareid a news show worthy of his talents and their skill, but they haven't hit it quite right yet. Too much dependence on "remotes," too little on Sevareid's mind.

4:00 to 5:00, CBS: "Odyssey." "They Took a Blue Note," second of a series, and a triumph of exploration into the sources of jazz. With Charles Collingwood as narrator, the viewer was taken from the playing of a modern blues "combo" to an abandoned plantation in Alabama and intro-

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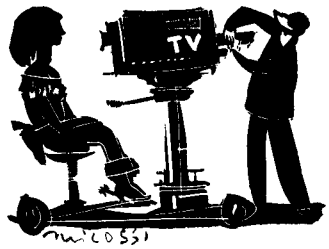

duced to an extraordinary old Negro named Horace Sprott, who is one of the last living repositories of the slave and folk music of his people.

Against the silence or the slow, sad, muted notes of the blues in the hot white Alabama noon, remarkable scenes and sounds took place: old chants welling up in Sprott's old throat, his sad young wife joining in; Negroes jigging to their own little improvised band on a Saturday after work; a road gang straightening railroad tracks to the deep syncopations of their leader's voice, and singing responses; the last of the roving Negro country bands, four men blowing through ancient brass, the horns and trumpets crumpled like cauliflowers; and finally the full and glorious blare of the Eureka Band marching through New Orleans streets followed by a parade of born strutters and shakers.

"Odyssey," a highly ambitious attempt to use the resources of history, to trace the story of man and his works, got off to a rather halting start with an exhumation of Virginia City, the Nevada ghost town of the silver boom. It was overproduced and undernourished: too much made of too little. But if producer Charles Romine and his adventurous staff can keep up the standard of "Blue Note," Odyssey should do CBS proud.

SPEAKING of music and ambition, NBC's documentary "Call to Freedom" of a few nights earlier had both in a large measure. This was Project 20's admirable effort to express the checkered history of Austria's emergence to liberty in terms of Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Here was a case where film added little to sound. The flashes of Austrian history—curious as they were in themselves—could be more intrusive than enriching. It was a great concept that didn't quite jell; but for the imagination and the music, NBC deserves full gratitude. I understand that NBC was equally brave and generous in presenting Prokofieff's opera, *War and Peace*, on the same Sunday that I was occupied elsewhere on the dial.

5:30 to 6:00: Forced to make agonizing decision between watching the McBoing-Boing cartoons on CBS for pleasure and Senator McCarthy on ABC for masochism. "Press Conference" won.

The Wisconsin Senator looked thinner and paler than before and patently unmanned: he had no document in his hand. When he talked of the "motley crowd" around the President, of the danger of Milton Eisenhower, of that "throwback of the human race," Paul Hoffman, it was only funny, in a sickly way. The fear and loathing his voice and chuckle used to induce are no longer there.

The truly repellent moment of his appearance was Miss Rountree's coy opening, when she prodded the Senator to share his glorious news—the adoption of a little girl—and offered him Southern-style congratulations.

6:00 to 6:30, NBC: "Meet the Press." The shift from McCarthy to Anthony Nutting, former British Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, was a violent one in terms of human development. He appears to have everything: intelligence, courage, and sincerity—in superior packaging.

He met his peers in James Reston of the New York *Times*, Max Freedman of the Manchester *Guardian*, and the relentlessly alert Lawrence Spivak. After Mr. Gaitskell's deft evasions, Nutting's firm rebuttals and open avowals were refreshing. The Tory seemed more of the people than the Socialist.

6:30 to 7:00, CBS: The need to cook pulled me away from an installment of "Air Power." I have seen several of these half-hour documentries and I commend them for their technical excellence, their brilliant organization of the vast material available, and a degree of honesty that recognizes mistakes made by the U.S. Air Force during the last war. A slight Pentagon smell still lingers, however.

LONG interval for drink and food, coupled with a total lack of interest in America's prime entertainment hits, beginning with "Lassie" and proceeding through Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen, whose battle of ratings leaves me drenched in apathy, even if Mr. Sullivan doesn't. The few times I do watch him are born of a dazed effort to discover the basis of his hold on the American public.

11:15 to 11:30, NBC: Evening brought to a close by watching columnist Hy Gardner doing telephone interviews of the celebrated—on this night Fernando Lamas of *Happy Hunting* and Monique van Vooren of Hollywood, among others. Considerably more entertaining than Murrow's "Person to Person" (which is hardly person to person at all, since the chasm between Murrow and his targets is inadequately bridged with cables and caution), but not nearly so fascinating as Mike Wallace's eleven-to-midnight interviews in "Night Beat" over Du Mont, a New York local. The questions asked by Mr. Wallace and the answers given go far below the surface into the realms of real thought and feeling. The air must be freer in the night hours to let Wallace get away with murder—the wonderful murder that is committed when people who have something to say say it, with biases showing and angers surfacing: that murder of pretension and timidity called "free speech." Viewers outside the New York areas will get a chance to see Mr. Wallace in action early this summer, when he begins a similar show over ABC.

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'To Make All Laws Which Shall Be Necessary and Proper . . .'

DOUGLASS CATER

CITADEL: THE STORY OF THE U.S. SENATE, by William S. White. *Harper. $3.75.*

A major cause for the publicity imbalance that complicates the conduct of government in Washington lies in the fact that the United States Senate is such a rich source of everything a reporter considers news. It is a cockpit of drama. There is eternal contest and controversy among highly individualistic and colorful public figures. Most Senatorial action is observable. The Washington correspondent, if he knows what is good for him, finds a patron or two among the Senators who will supply him with the inside dope which is the essential ingredient of modern journalism. When Congress is in session, the tickers carry a steady flow of news, Senate-originated and Senate-oriented. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Senate and Senators loom larger in the public eye than an impartial assessment of their role in the scheme of things might warrant.

William S. White, chief Congressional correspondent of the New York *Times,* is far too eminent a journalist to be entrapped by the petty partisanships of many reporters on Capitol Hill. Yet White, a Texan covering a branch of government in which Texans presently figure so prominently, makes no bones about his lively love affair with the Senate —the Institution, he calls it—which, aside from the Constitution, he believes is "the one touch of authentic genius in the American political system."

Outer Club, Inner Club

White's book first of all attempts to categorize Senate folkways, offering definitions that deserve to linger in the political lexicon. He sketches the precincts of the "Outer Club" and the "Inner Club" of that body and characterizes the "Senate type" and the "non-Senate type." He describes in some detail the often contradictory qualities of Senate leadership. For the most part Mr. White beholds it all and finds it good.

Even more, this is a philosophical treatise superimposed on a reporter's observations. The Senate, set beside a Presidency ever seeking to expand "quantitative" democracy, is guardian of a "qualitative" democracy. It is the ideal home for Calhoun's Doctrine of the Concurrent Majority, which postulated that the central demand of politics is to accommodate and ameliorate the great divergencies in our vast nation. Since numerical representation counts for little in the Senate—the two Nevada Senators are able and usually willing to cancel out the votes of the two New York ones—White argues that "the frame of reference had to become qualitative."

Power of the Patriarchs

The supreme gift of the Senate "type" is the capacity to accommodate—the intuitive skill in bringing around others to support one's endeavor or in bringing one's endeavor around to satisfy others. White chronicles the career of Senator Hubert Humphrey, Democrat of Minnesota, from the time he led the great civil-rights uprising at the 1948 Democratic National Convention—a highly un-Senatorial-type act—to his more recent success in getting through a resolution by unanimous consent—the highest achievement of the Senate type. Humphrey, a former chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, is now a solid member of the Inner Club. He has shown "a capacity to accommodate." Too many of his liberal Northern colleagues from whom great things have been expected have, by White's definition, failed to measure up. It is persuasive analysis, though it perhaps underrates the importance of a lonely Outer Club member like Senator Wayne Morse, Democrat of Oregon, who on occasion establishes the polar position that had to be accommodated.

But the work of the Senate is not the accommodation of equals. For the standing committees contain the "kernel of the power," and the committee chairmen, elevated solely through seniority, firmly grasp that power. This can lead to awesome acts of tyranny. White writes, it seems almost gleefully, of Senator Harry S. Byrd, Chairman of the Finance Committee: "He had no difficulty in informing the Secretary of State what the Administration could and could not have in regard to tariff authority; a brisk Byrd sentence told the Secretary of Treasury what he could and could not have in the way of debt limit and tax legislation."

The patriarchs' power is not to be challenged. The Senators could feel qualms over the accession of Senator James Eastland, the Mississippi Democrat who counsels stubborn defiance of the law, to chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee. "For the Senate, however, the greater duty—greater, indeed, than all the complex of issues symbolized by Eastland—lay in the preservation of its traditions of place and power."

WHITE has captured with almost lyric imagery the feel and smell of the place. Even his vocabulary, frequently ornate and colorful, sometimes obtuse and verbose, is entirely appropriate.

Because it is so perceptive, *Citadel,* though largely uncritical, arouses a sense of wonder at the intransigence of the Senate's conduct of its own affairs. In a body that tolerates endless discussion about everything else under the sun, there is curious reluctance to allow discussion of the Institution itself. And any outside attempt at criticism is given even shorter shrift by the Senators. "To outside attack from any source, not excluding the White House," White observes, "they will certainly turn a common face."

Why the Senators' reluctance to scrutinize themselves even as they assert ever more vigorously their determination to stand aloof from the scrutiny and the interference of party and President? The seniority principle, for example, even though thoroughly distorting the supposed equality between the ambassadors

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from one-party Mississippi and the ambassadors from two-party New York, may be better than any conceivable alternative. But its value as a principle would not be destroyed by making an occassional exception. Not all the "traditions of place and power" would crumble into dust if the Senators should pass over Eastland for chairman for good and specific reasons. Surely, the guardian of a "qualified and qualitative" democracy can qualify and be qualitative in regard to itself. «»

Life and Love In the Split-Level Slums

BRUCE BLIVEN, Jr.

THE CRACK IN THE PICTURE WINDOW, by John Keats. *Houghton Mifflin. $3.*

John Keats has written this book because he hates suburban housing developments—specifically, the all-alike, box-on-slab, nothing-down, one-family-house tracts that are filling in so many of the open spaces on the edges of most American cities: the new "rural slums," to use his language, "conceived in error, nurtured by greed, corroding everything they touch," which unscrupulous speculators have "vomited up" on the landscape.

Mr. Keats, who is descended from the poet's family, was working on a newspaper, the Washington *Daily News,* when the G.I. Bill of Rights inadvertently began to make shabby suburban building profitable. The law guaranteed that bankers who assumed low-interest mortgages on houses purchased by veterans would recover substantial sums if the payments were not kept up. As Keats points out, the idea that veterans who hadn't yet settled down in any sense of the phrase should own houses was often absurd; the actual need, in general, was for rental housing at reasonable prices. But since the G.I. Bill made homeowning an official part of the ex-serviceman's dreams; and since, especially after the end of effective rent control, lots of veterans found that they *had* to want to own (if a lifetime mortgage constitutes ownership) because there was nothing acceptable for rent in their monthly budget range, there was no restraining the jerry-builders. "The typical postwar development operator," Keats says, "was a man who figured how many houses he could possibly cram onto a piece of land and have the local zoning board hold still for it."

THE NEWEST suburban developments, Mr. Keats argues, are only slightly less obnoxious than the worst 1948 had to offer, and he regards the real estate industry's optimistic prediction that the suburban building boom will continue for at least the next twenty years as a threat.

In his indictment, Mr. Keats is only partly concerned with money. Tens of thousands of house buyers have been gypped, certainly. But the author is worried about a more serious matter. He believes that developments are destroying their inhabitants: "More insidious and far more dangerous than any other influence, is the housing development's destruction of individuality . . . we're constantly being badgered to look around us and make sure we're doing and saying and thinking what the mass of our neighbors will accept . . . The physically monotonous development of mass houses is a leveling influence in itself, breeding swarms of neuter drones. I submit . . . that these drones cannot be said to have lives of their own. I submit housing developments combine the worst disadvantages of suburbs and city slums without reflecting the advantages of either . . . are a disruptive influence in our national life . . . pose many clear and present dangers to us all."

Meet the Drones

He shows what he means, in considerable detail, by following an imaginary family, John and Mary Drone and their two children, as they move from an apartment in barracks rented by the government to veterans only to Rolling Knolls, a mythical development set in a bleak stretch of pine barrens outside Washington, and from there, in another desperate move, to a slightly larger split-level in a more expensive tract, also apocryphal, called Merryland Dell. The entire book, except for its introduction and concluding chapter, is devoted to the sorry saga of the Drones.

The full inventory of disappointments John and Mary meet is nearly incredible. Among other things, their street is not paved, their plaster is cracked, and their floors are warped; their neighbors are repulsive; for lack of a basement they have to hang the wash on rainy days in the living room, and for lack of space on the same rainy days the children have no place to play except under the indoor clothesline. And when the Drones move on to a bigger car and a better house, both well beyond their means, there is no real improvement—the new development is no more a community than the old one was, but only another aggregation of inadequate houses filled with people who, from the Drones' point of view, are as unsatisfactory as the shortage of closet space. In the end, when their credit bubble has burst and the Drones are on the point of losing everything, it almost seems as if at last they've had a lucky break.

IT'S TOO BAD that Mr. Keats—who probably meant to turn in a serious report on an important subject—should have chosen the awkward device of the invented couple. He has combined fiction with fact in such a way that the reader does not quite know what to believe (or even what the author wants him to believe). One of the most unhappy by-products of the semi-fiction method is a jazzed-up writing style in a vaguely comic vein. The light touch is augmented by a sprinkling of Don Kindler's cartoons. Unfortunately, Mr. Keats is far too angry to be amusing. It seems fairly clear, at least from the tone of his final chapter, that Mr. Keats really hopes to goad his readers into action, if not arson. Humor can be a powerful editorial weapon, but first it must be funny.

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Slightly Adrift In Venice

JAMES E. BAXTER

VENICE OBSERVED, by Mary McCarthy. Edited by Georges and Rosamond Bernier. *Reynal. $15.*

Convalescing after surgery in 1934, Rebecca West heard over her radio in a London nursing home that King Alexander of Yugoslavia had been assassinated in Marseilles. She had a sudden, sharp presentiment that this was an event of great import. From her struggle of seven years to assess its meaning, to find the political and cultural significance of Yugoslavia, emerged her extraordinary book, *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon.*

What constituted Mary McCarthy's incitement to undertake a far briefer but no more modest inventory of Venice is not revealed in *Venice Observed,* but it possibly may have been Miss McCarthy's reading of Miss West's *magnum opus.*

For more than a generation, Rebecca West has been suspected of being the cleverest woman writer in the English-speaking world. In criticism, novels, short stories, reportage, and biography she has dealt confidently in dazzling insight and plunging speculation. No one has rivaled Miss West until in recent years the expanding horizons and growing self-assurance of Mary McCarthy put her into Miss West's class. Reading Miss McCarthy has provoked a continuous sense of facility straining against limitations of subject matter, of satisfactions with technique more than balanced by frustrations with scope. Now she has staked out a claim that was finally to have been big enough: Venice; and by a paradox worthy of her own connoisseurship she has found herself within the ungenerous confines of scholarship.

'Tintoretto Painted Too Much'

The synthesis of Venice, historical, cultural, and aesthetic, essayed by Miss McCarthy demanded not merely a gifted tourist's willingness for basic research. Above all it demanded the scholar's humility before the sweep of events. Months of careful picking in Venetian politics do not substitute for a larger hold on Venice —a Venice juxtaposed against the Byzantine Empire, for example, or the Balkans, or central Europe. Even the more delicate swordplay of Venice with the other Renaissance Italian city-states is furtive and cramped in her hands. Nor need her organization have been chronological to avoid an arrangement of material that is throughout blatantly capricious. Our experience is of anecdotes and morals, not of the surge and thrust of history itself.

But it is when she guides us through the churches and museums of Venice that Miss McCarthy's central absence of humility reveals itself most damningly. Here is the searching brilliance of her fiction, but in the vast chamber of Italian art it glows but feebly, illumining not the paintings and their creators but only their observer. Private vision is usefully made public if either the scenery or the viewer is unobtrusively small; but Miss McCarthy's own image looms at once large and petty. Clever is what Thomas Wolfe was not. We measure his ebullience in terms the reverse of sophistication, feeling he best belongs in adolescence. Miss McCarthy's perpetual disenchantment, her petulance, is

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only Wolfe's measuring stick turned over and read backward. Hers are his enthusiasms in reverse, but no less adolescent. ("Tintoretto painted too much; there is no doubt of it"; ". . . I myself do not care for most of the Gothic statuary of the pinnacles.")

Agreeing with Berenson

Rebecca West has not been immune to mistakes, but they were mostly early ones, and mistakes of judgment, as in her little book on Henry James. Mary McCarthy's are coming later and are unfortunately not mistakes of judgment but of basic perspective, of, frighteningly in this sensitive and intelligent woman, taste. The author of *The Company She Keeps* keeps some herself: "I agree with Berenson in feeling that . . . ," "Ruskin detested it, rightly, I think . . . "

Of course the book is lovely. Near perfection has been attained in the reproduced paintings, and their selection flaws just occasionally their support of the text. Beautiful photographs of the city, many in color, beckon and stun. Sentence for sentence, Miss McCarthy's text is all felicity, although it's worth noting that in the shorter version published in two July, 1956, issues of the *New Yorker* all the Popes and doges were named, buildings located, and dates inserted or corrected. It is a pity that the results of this scrupulousness could not have been enjoyed by the book.

The publishers of *Venice Observed* have produced a volume as smart as a McCarthy metaphor. What she on her part has given us is a view of Venice as thinly dazzling with surface glitter as the city that bemused her.

Book Notes

AUTUMN ACROSS AMERICA, by Edwin Way Teale. With photographs by the author. *Dodd, Mead. $5.75.*

In these times when fiction is mainly concerned with misery and nonfiction so often with bombs or Arabs or Russians, a man who writes a book entirely about autumn in America will be called an escapist—an ugly word. But Mr. Teale's escape is into precision, not vagueness. He escapes not into dreams but into the land that nourishes us, noting how the season changes that land and all living things in and above it and in its waters, preparing them for the winter they must endure. As we all do, he sees the trees change color, but he is a trained naturalist and so as he crosses the continent he observes—because he knows where to look for them—all manner of birds, beasts, plants, and trees.

The great hindrance to most writers describing nature is that they have only literary words with which to work. They describe a tree as they would a girl: The tree is tall and slim, graceful and young, alone and unprotected on a hilltop. Mr. Teale does not have to telephone somebody to find out the name of the tree. Knowing the name helps a lot: "They rose straight above us. All were of the same species, that rare and restricted tree, the Monterey pine, *Pinus radiata*. The needles were long and richly green; the bark, darkest of any California pine, was almost black . . . . over the outer ends of the higher branches, over the sprays of the needles, in clusters and festoons, clung thousands and tens of thousands of monarch butterflies." And so on with the butterflies: They can fly fifteen miles an hour.

Like Thoreau, Audubon, or Agassiz, Mr. Teale looks at nature with a fresh eye. He has instruments they would have envied: "I adjusted my face mask. Through the oval of its tempered glass I looked up at the nearly full early-September moon. Then I snapped on my underwater flashlight, took a quick, deep breath, kicked with the rubber frog-foot of a swim-fish and followed the beam of my torch down into a strange and silent forest of the sea."

THE BOOK OF THE SKY, Edited by A. C. Spectorsky. *Appleton-Century-Crofts. $10.*

It is difficult to see why anybody would pay the price for this nature book, which is an anthology on a subject so diffuse that its 490 pages can be crammed with literary snippets from just about everywhere (ten pages for a newsmag science writer, a scant two for Sir Thomas Browne) and an ill-sorted collection of illustrations ranging from an ancient woodblock of Icarus to a photomicrograph of a snowflake about to melt. In the blurb writer's inimitable style, "Everything is here—from angels to atom strikes . . . there is something exciting for every reader." True enough: a crumb for everybody, a mouthful for nobody. And yet the sale of two previous volumes, *The Book of the Sea* and *The Book of Mountains*, must have given the publisher reason to suspect that there are more browsers than readers in the bookstores these days.

STORIES, by Jean Stafford, John Cheever, Daniel Fuchs, and William Maxwell. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.95.*

Apparently none of the four writers represented in this collection had enough short stories on hand to bring out a book of his own, but that's perfectly all right with us because all four are first-rate and there are enough stories by each to give a pretty good idea of his range. Thirteen of the fifteen items listed in the table of contents were originally published in the *New Yorker*. You can say what you like about the *New Yorker* stereotype in fiction—the bloodless dry prose, the essential triviality of incident, and the endings that aren't endings. Granting all that, don't forget that they also publish the work of these four writers and of others like J. F. Powers who have only one thing in common: They are the best.

NOTE: *Hart Crane: The Life of An American Poet*, a critical biography by our Senior Editor, Philip Horton, originally published by W. W. Norton, has been reissued by Viking in hardback at $3.75, and in Compass paperback at $1.25.

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J. DUNLAP McNAIR EMERGES VICTORIOUS

Our Judges: Mr. Stan Freberg; The Rev. Bob Richards; Parky the Tidy Kangaroo; Miss Anna May Wong; Mr. Stanley Slotkin, Pres., Abbey Rents*

The latest, and very likely the last, Qantas contest is history. Its purpose, you may recall, was to secure new and fitting names for the 5 continents served by Qantas Super-G Constellations; new names as appropriate as Qantasylvania is to the Pacific area.

After much soul searching, the judges awarded First Prize to Mr. J. Dunlap McNair of 512 South Talley Avenue, Muncie, Indiana for his entry: Natasq (North America); Antsaq (Australia); Sqanta (Africa); Asqant (Asia); and Tanqas (Europe). The panel felt that these names, while a trifle odd, had each the virtue of containing the same letters as the name of a prominent global airline. The next move is up to Rand McNally.

Many promising entries were discarded because of certain confusion factors; i.e., naming all the continents Texas, or Boston, or Zimmerman.

Thus Mr. McNair becomes Vernon VI, Hereditary Archduke of Qantasylvania and, in addition, wins permanent custody of a 5-foot stuffed koala bear, a lovable but bulky creature weighing 7 stone 5 (103 lbs.). Chief Judge Freberg has volunteered to deliver it in person. Good on him, we say.

In his coronation statement Vernon VI, a metallurgist for the Indiana Steel & Wire Co., Inc. and a family man, said "There are indeed few Archdukes in Muncie."

The other 99 winners will be notified by mail. Congratulations, all!

**Parky hops around Griffith Park Zoo, Los Angeles, picking up paper and stuffing it in her pouch. An example for us all. While not actually a judge, Parky performed yeoman duty collecting the ballots.*

QANTAS *Australia's Overseas Airline*

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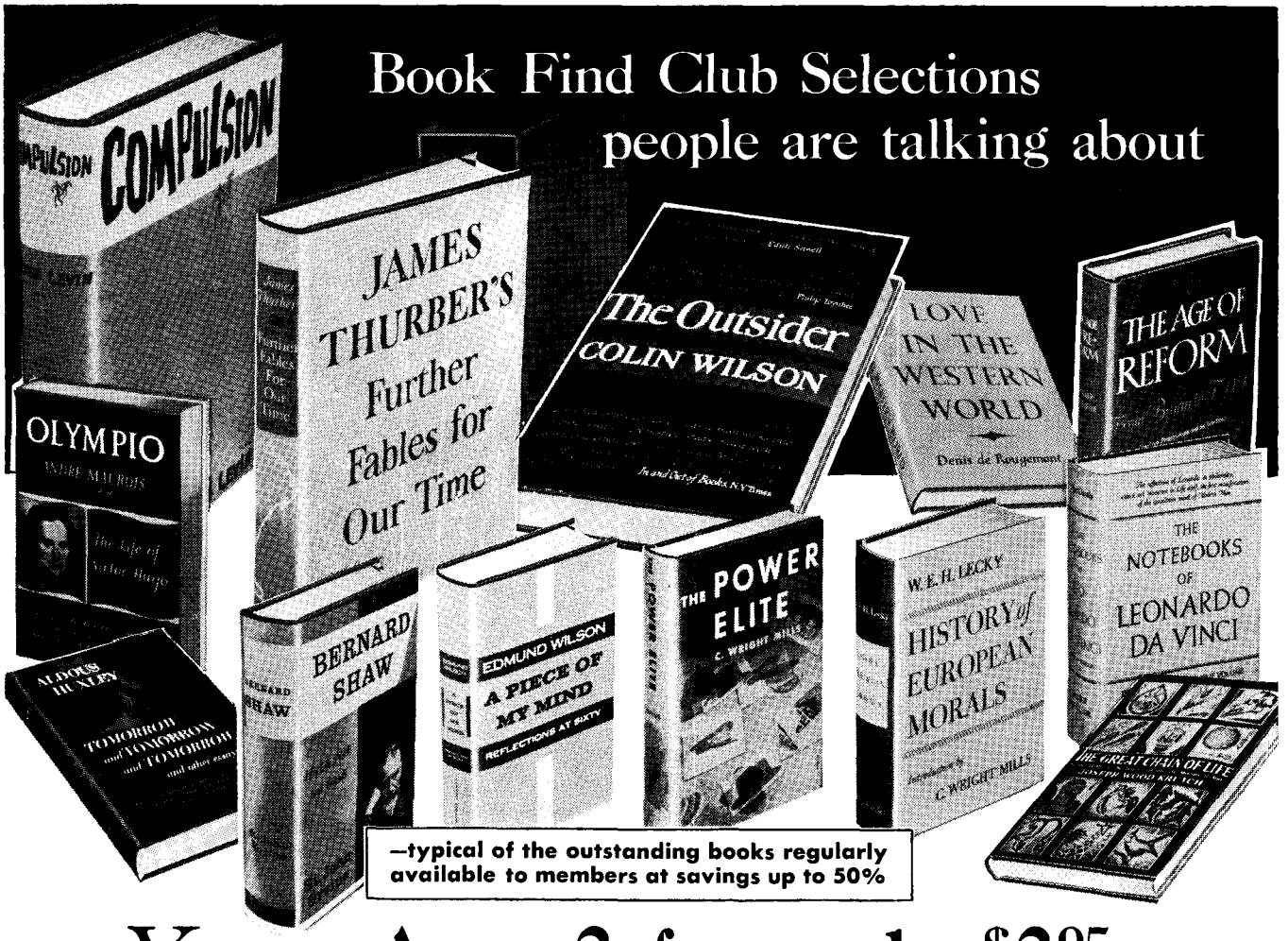

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